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THE FALL OF THE GOVERNMENT.

THE immediate circumstances and character of the defeat which Ministers experienced on Tuesday do not require any very long comment. Only the insane and most ignorant of partisans will say that they fell otherwise than decently; and, though the declaration on Irish policy which sealed their fate might with advantage have been made earlier, it was made in ample time to save honour. That the occasion of the overthrow was a mere occasion every one is well aware. The position of the Ministry was doubtful from the time when Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's bribes turned the scale in the English counties; it ceased to be doubtful when Mr. GLADSTONE's bribes, hitherto indirectly and unauthoritatively announced, were offered by his own mouth in the House of Commons. It is probable that Mr. GLADSTONE would have preferred resorting to other means than those which he has actually employed for securing his return to power. There is an excellent, but not widely known, story told of two English journalists, one of whom is still alive. Their comparative character was in discussion and was thus formulated. "If a shilling is to be gained by discreditable conduct and sixpence by creditable, A will take the shilling; but if a shilling is to be gained by creditable conduct and sixpence by discreditable, B will take the sixpence." It is not necessary to suspect Mr. GLADSTONE of any such love of disreputable behaviour in and for itself. He would doubtless have much preferred that the constituencies should return him to power with a majority more numerous and docile than that of 1880. The actual event changed his means, but not his ends. On the very first night of the working Session the new means were made public. When Mr. GLADSTONE delivered his speech of Thursday week, and when it was repudiated only by Mr. ALBERT GREY and Mr. ARTHUR ELLIOT, it became obvious that the days of the Government were numbered. Mr. GLADSTONE (for it is well to use plain language in public matters) had openly proclaimed himself a willing hireling to any party which would buy him with a sufficient number of votes, and his own party had not protested. On Thursday week the invitation was addressed to the Parnellites; on Tuesday to the apostles of Ransom. Both offers were accepted, and the revolt of some respectable members of the Liberal party in the latter case, however creditable to themselves, was not sufficient to counterbalance the votes of the others. That is the history in few words of the event of Tuesday.

It is, of course, from the national point of view, a most lamentable event. Ministers could not with any wisdom have accepted the suggestion that they should ignore the vote on Mr. COLLINGS's Amendment, for they would have incurred the reproach of clinging to office without any counterbalancing advantage. By caressing the Parnellites and the Radical Socialists, Mr. GLADSTONE had obtained all but a working majority, and his speeches left no doubt that further caresses would not be wanting if needed. His objection to the term fundamental law, while constitutionally incorrect, was personally accurate. It is now plain that to Mr. GLADSTONE nothing is a fundamental law but the necessity of his own presence in Downing Street. This being so, and Parliament being constituted as it is, Lord SALISBURY could do nothing, either with dignity or profit, but go. The results are sufficiently alarming. Even the *Daily News* shudders at the return of Lord GRANVILLE to the Foreign Office. Even the most hot-headed Radicals break off their

cries of joy over the victory, when they remember that the victory was won by Mr. PARNELL, and that Mr. PARNELL is not a man to be stinted of his sizings. Many of the very men who voted against the Government on Tuesday probably reflect with uneasiness that they practically pledged themselves then to principles of legislation, one logical deduction from which is the already formulated proposition that it shall be a misdemeanour to possess in their present condition Knole or Alnwick, Blenheim or Saverlake. Between the admitted administrative failures of Mr. GLADSTONE's last Government and the wild schemes to which any new Government of his must be committed if it is to maintain itself for a day, the singular absence of triumph which is displayed even in Radical quarters needs very little explanation. There may be a great split in the Liberal party, and if there is not a great split, it will take office discredited by tergiversation on the part of some of its chief leaders. The verdict of the intelligence and wealth of the country remains unchanged, as the Croydon election shows; indeed, as Mr. BUXTON's own supporters boasted of the transference of six hundred Irish votes to their side, Mr. HERBERT has in effect been returned by a much larger majority than Mr. GRANTHAM. With the bad quarter of an hour of reckoning with the Irish hanging over the Liberals, with crackbrained schemes of all sorts demanding attention, with foreign difficulties returning upon confessedly incompetent hands, the prospect is indeed a gloomy one for the nation; but it is at least equally gloomy for the least patriotic partisan.

It cannot, however, be repeated too often that in all such cases as these the country has only itself to thank, and that fortunately the case is not yet one in which the door of repentance is shut. Englishmen have been warned over and over again what manner of man Mr. GLADSTONE is. The warning (as may be seen in a very remarkable letter from so unsuspected a Liberal as Professor DICEY addressed to the *New York Nation*) has at last been accepted by the vast majority of the best educated and most intelligent inhabitants of this country. It is penetrating, as the last election showed, slowly but surely into the bulk of the middle classes, and even lower. But the recent extension of the franchise and the bribery of the agricultural voter checked even, at that election, its full effect. Such as the effect was, however, it has forced Mr. GLADSTONE to give a new and more unmistakable taste of his quality. No reasonably sensible artisan, or even labourer, can fail to understand, if only it be put before him, the drift of Mr. GLADSTONE's speeches of Thursday week and of Tuesday. They express no conviction, they announce no conversion of principle. They are simple bids for support, such as any child could see would not have been made if the support could be secured in another way. It is known already that the shock produced by this extraordinary exhibition of political strategy on Mr. GLADSTONE's admirers is great. They cast about helplessly for excuses; but the excuses are an accusation. It has to be seen now whether those members of the Liberal party who had the honesty and the courage to protest against his Home Rule views and to vote against his adoption of Ransom (in his own words, of "settling accounts with" landowners), will resist the temptation of office. From the purely party point of view, it does not, perhaps, matter much whether there is open disunion or secret disaffection in the Liberal ranks; for the keys of Downing Street are in the hands of Mr. PARNELL, and those to whom he throws them will go

in, while those from whom he demands them must go out. It is not yet known on what terms he will allow Mr. GLADSTONE to retain those keys; and it is possible, if not extremely probable, that a fresh instalment of robbery of the landlords might be accepted in lieu of, or, at any rate, as a preliminary to, and in postponement of the full concession of Home Rule. But if Lord HARTINGTON and others can at last screw their courage fast, however tempting Mr. GLADSTONE's baits may be, the effect on the country would undoubtedly be healthier and better. They will show, as their political ancestors showed a hundred years ago when the responsible leader of the party threw in his lot with anarchy and murder (though only in a foreign country), that politics are not merely a game, that patriotism and honour are not empty words, and that there is some comprehension still in public men of what makes political life worth living. And they will very much assist the average elector to comprehend once for all, as has been said above, what manner of man Mr. GLADSTONE is—a man, no doubt, of what seem to himself high aims, scrupulous methods, and patriotic principles, but a man who has so absolutely confounded his own wishes, thoughts, and interests with what is in the abstract desirable, true, and advantageous, that no manœuvre seems to him improper and no policy discreditable. This has been proved, of course, to shrewd and impartial observers, by his whole career; it was visible enough to some such observers many years ago. It has now been recognized by the great majority of men of sense and knowledge of affairs, including probably at least an actual majority of Mr. GLADSTONE's own supporters among such. But, like other truths, it has to take time before sinking into the general consciousness. And nothing that has yet happened should aid it to penetrate those abysmal depths so well as the transactions of the last few weeks, and especially as the two speeches the immediate result of which was the termination of Lord SALISBURY's brief, arduous, and, on the whole, most honourable tenure of office during the last seven months.

PROCEDURE.

WHATEVER may be the issue of the present crisis or the result of Mr. GLADSTONE's alliance with the Parnellites, Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH's proposed Resolutions on Procedure are not likely to reappear. A week ago the professed intention of giving the subject precedence over Irish measures produced a general feeling of consternation. The Conservative party were in some degree reassured by Lord SALISBURY's language on Monday, and more effectually by the notice of motion which was given on Tuesday on behalf of the Irish Secretary. While the new code of procedure seemed likely to be pressed forward the few members who interest themselves in such questions were curious to know whether Mr. GLADSTONE would think it expedient to facilitate legislation which he has often described as not only necessary but urgent. It was certain that his course would be determined by an exclusive consideration of his own interests as they are modified by the new Kilmainham compact. There was little in Sir M. HICKS-BEACH's scheme which would have interfered with Irish methods of obstruction; but Mr. PARNELL would perhaps have required Mr. GLADSTONE to oppose the Resolution which dealt with motions for the adjournment of the House. At present the concurrence of forty members is sufficient to render such a motion regular. Sir M. HICKS-BEACH wished to raise the number to a hundred, for the probable purpose of imposing a check on the activity of the Home Rule party. It is doubtful whether his object would in the majority of cases have been attained. The eighty-five or eighty-six Home Rulers are always on the spot, and more than fifteen ultra-Radicals would always be ready to raise their numbers to a quorum.

The much more important project of transferring almost all legislation to Select Committees would in itself have been acceptable to Mr. GLADSTONE; but his support or opposition would, of course, have depended on party convenience. He has repeatedly compelled unwilling audiences to listen to his eulogies on the principle of devolution; but he might perhaps have confined his sanction to Grand Committees constituted on his own pattern. This experiment has already been tried with moderate success. In the first Session after the introduction of the Rules which are now in force two Bills of some importance were satisfactorily discussed and settled by a Grand Committee. For some unknown reason little

use was made of the new instrument in 1885; but it might at any time have been employed. Sir M. HICKS-BEACH proposed to increase the number of Committees and to reduce them to smaller dimensions. Every public Bill except those which affected revenue or expenditure was to be submitted to a Select Committee of not less than thirty or more than forty members. If it was reported without amendments, it was at once to be set down for third reading, and, although the wording of the rule was obscure, the Bill was apparently to be passed or rejected without debate. The Ministerial proposals would have been generally unpopular. The House was henceforth to hold morning sittings on four days in the week, and there was to be an autumn Session in every year. Mr. RAIKES, formerly Chairman of Committees, a recognized expert in Parliamentary business, had already given notice of opposition to some of the Resolutions. Professional and commercial members naturally objected to morning sittings, and it is more than doubtful whether the House would have consented to renounce legislative duties which it may nevertheless be incapable of discharging. That a Ministry weak in the number of its adherents and liable to the attacks of the most factious of coalitions should propose measures so distasteful to all parties was a proof, if not of political adroitness, at least of disinterested public spirit.

There is reason to fear that, with the deterioration of the constituencies and the consequent exacerbation of party conflicts, Parliamentary government tends to become difficult or impracticable. The scheme of legislation by Committees was designed in perfect good faith to promote dispassionate examination of legislative measures; but it might perhaps have been found in practice that the despotism of the majority would have asserted itself in the composition of the Committees. Both in the French Assembly and in the American Congress the machinery of Committees is more largely employed than in the English Parliament; and in both countries the constitution of these bodies is dependent on political considerations. In England it has been customary when a Committee is appointed to allow the Government a majority of one; and it constantly happens that the divisions of the Committee coincide with party lines. Sir M. HICKS-BEACH proposed to entrust the appointment of members to the Committee of Selection, which has in its own department commanded the confidence of the House; but a large extension of its functions might not improbably interfere with its repute for impartiality. After the publication of the draft of New Rules, a Scotch member complained that his countrymen were not sufficiently represented in the Committee of Selection. Other sections of the House would probably make similar demands if the nomination of Committees became a matter of primary importance. The laudable attempt to organize the present House of Commons into impartial and dispassionate groups is almost as hopeless as the proverbial effort of a man to stand off his own shadow. With a promiscuous suffrage, and under the benign influence of Mr. GLADSTONE, questions of external policy and of domestic legislation invariably resolve themselves into struggles for political power.

If the first proceedings of the newly-elected Parliament indicate a rapid decline in political capacity, cynical indifference to the public interest and to constitutional propriety could not be carried further than in the defeat of the Government by the combination of Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. PARNELL. Even if Mr. JESSE COLLINGS's Amendment had been as reasonable as it was vexatious, the expulsion of a Ministry on the ground that a certain topic had not been mentioned in the QUEEN'S Speech was obviously frivolous and absurd. The alliance of the Liberals with the Home Rule faction was the more shameless because it had been repeatedly deprecated by Mr. GLADSTONE. In Midlothian and elsewhere he had demanded an absolute majority of his own party for the express purpose of enabling himself to dispense with the dearly purchased assistance of Mr. PARNELL and his followers. As soon as he ascertained that he had not a majority over the Conservatives and the Home Rulers, he fell back on the alternative of an alliance with the professed enemies of his country. The union was consummated when he and his new friends voted with Mr. COLLINGS, and when the exulting Irishmen triumphantly shouted "Coercion" as their reason for supporting an English agitator. Mr. GLADSTONE's desperate eagerness to recover office may perhaps be gratified. The pretexts on which he relinquished his professed design of retirement have been tacitly abandoned. He explained his determination to seek re-election by the necessity of

appealing to the country for approval or condemnation of his official career. The constituency of 1880 would have signified its adverse verdict in no ambiguous terms. Even at the late election he might perhaps have been defeated if it had been known that he had resolved to gratify his personal ambition at the cost of dismemberment of the United Kingdom.

It is possible that one result of his dishonest victory may be a sweeping measure for the readjustment of Parliamentary procedure. If he finds leisure for such an undertaking, his main object will be to cripple the independence of the House of Commons by rendering opposition difficult or feeble. A permanent degradation of the power and dignity of Parliament would be a fit conclusion of his fatal career. He is not perhaps disposed to support the projects of irresponsible theorists who threaten to re-establish the Hierarchy in England for the sake of symmetry with the one or two Irish Parliaments which are to govern the neighbouring Republic. It will be enough for Mr. GLADSTONE to have begun the system of disruption. It is not inconceivable that his vanity may find a morbid gratification in reducing the Imperial Parliament to the condition of a provincial Legislature. It is true that, when its so-called omnipotence is limited by the creation of an Irish Parliament, and when legislative duties are transferred to Committees, the House of Commons will retain one important function as the constituent body which elects a supreme Ministry. Mr. GLADSTONE and other Democratic innovators think that their party will always form a numerical majority, and that it will consequently maintain the leaders of their own faction in possession of office. Experience will show whether their expectations are well founded. It is not impossible that more extravagant demagogues may push Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues from their seats. Sir HENRY MAINE and other thoughtful writers on the principles of government are inclined to think that Parliamentary government may perhaps not long survive the changes which have been already accomplished. The English Constitution became the object of envy and of imitation by the civilized world when a few leading statesmen controlled without dispute an aristocratic Assembly. Government by party was a condition of the system, but the political game was then played for lower stakes. In the present day the unity of the kingdom, the honour of the country, the institution of property, are lightly ventured by unscrupulous political gamblers. If Parliamentary institutions become obsolete, they will not be restored to vigour by any New Rules of Procedure.

MR. ARCH'S HINDS.

MR. JOSEPH ARCH is an honest and industrious man, who takes, with very great vigour, the side of his own order. He is also an example of the truth of the axiom that the English agricultural labourer cannot rise, cannot "better himself," cannot escape a monotonous life of toil and starvation. If Mr. ARCH is a member of Mr. GLADSTONE's Cabinet, we shall be able to congratulate that Heaven-born Minister in having so worthy an associate. But, as they notoriously "did not know everything down in 'Judee,'" so there are trifling matters of common information that have escaped Mr. ARCH's researches. We do not in the least blame him for being unacquainted with English "as she was spoke" all over the country not long ago, and as she is still spoken in the northern parts of this kingdom. Mr. ARCH's coat has been taken off for very different work than the study of his native language and its literature. But he will soon learn to take it for granted that the members of a haughty and high-born aristocracy, such as the LORD ADVOCATE, for example, do not mean to call the labouring classes by degrading nicknames. Mr. ARCH has probably heard that the chorus—

Curse the People, &c.

is still the favourite ditty of Scotch Tories. But he is in error if he thinks that, and was still more in error when he playfully rebuked the LORD ADVOCATE for calling hinds hinds. Mr. ARCH made a retort not only playful, but eloquent:—"He should like to inform the LORD ADVOCATE that, though their lives had been lives of poverty, though they were born in humble cottages, yet at the same time they looked upon themselves as men. He thought that 'hon. gentlemen on the other side of the House would feel very much annoyed if he were to speak of them as aristocratic goats.' Surprised, perhaps, the victims of this

scathing term might feel, but not annoyed. Mr. ARCH's remarks were greeted with loud cheers, whence we gather that his admirers are as ignorant as himself, probably with less excuse. The Scotch Liberals present, at all events, must have understood the LORD ADVOCATE when he used the word which, north of the Tweed, is the invariable name for farm-labourers. Here, as in other cases, Scotland retains in everyday use a term which in England has partly won its way to the obsolete, and is mainly employed in poetry. Every Scotch farmer speaks of his "hinds" when he means labourers; the word is short, and is not, like labourer, derived from a tongue which Mr. ARCH has probably not found it necessary to master. A factory-hand is no more ashamed of the title than is a Berwickshire hind. SPENSER and CHAUCER and many much more modern poets talk familiarly of hinds, and it does rather surprise us that not only Mr. ARCH, but the members who loudly cheered him, should be ignorant both of the literary and colloquial value of the word. There are, of course, old words which, though they had originally no evil sense, have acquired a meaning not wholly complimentary. The followers of Mr. PARNELL might reasonably object to being styled "kernes." Any one has a right to protest against being called a "knave." Solicitors have kicked against the word "attorney." Probably the time may soon come when "gentleman" and "lady" will seem less "honour-giving names" than "man" and "woman." Excellent females have been heard to declaim that "they will teach So-and-so to call them women"; but their declamation, like Mr. ARCH's, is born of ignorance. "Hind" is not one of the terms that has been degraded in use from its original sense. Where it is employed in common speech it has exactly its old and honourable sense. Mr. ARCH's wild idea that it denoted only the female of the hart, and was a term of aristocratic railing, could only have occurred to a Southern man without any tincture of letters. We do not blame Mr. ARCH for having directed his acknowledged abilities to social questions rather than to the world of books. But we must hope that he will not take it for granted that all the words he does not understand are idiotic insults. That a myth of a Tory nobleman railing scurrilously against labourers will not be circulated by mendacious agitators we cannot venture to hope. That is past praying for. The educated men who remain in the House of Commons must remember that only the commonest newspaper English will be understood by their audience. Not only foreign or classical quotations, but all words not generally used in the *Echo*, must be shunned as stones of stumbling, especially when (as in the case of "hinds") these words are parts of our old national speech.

GREECE.

THE event of Tuesday night was no doubt thoroughly gratifying to many members of the Liberal-Radical party. It may not have been least gratifying to some of them as affording cover for the withdrawal of the extraordinarily foolish language which they have been recently using in reference to the efforts used to keep Greece in order. A certain class of Radicals have made many attempts recently to deserve the name of the silly party; but they have seldom been more successful than on this occasion. The very tallest talk has been used about the alleged bullying of Greece by England and the certain steps taken by the Great Powers jointly to prevent an impudent and unprovoked breach of the peace. Lord SALISBURY, it was said by turns, was the tool of Turkey and the tool of Prince BISMARCK. The country—the English country—was going to rise as one man to prevent such an outrage as the intimidation of Greece by English ships. NELSON, CANARIS, THEMISTOCLES, Lord BYRON, NICODEMUS, and POLYPHEMUS have been invoked by leader-writers in a fine frenzy; nor is there any knowing how long the thing might have gone on in this style if Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. PARNELL had not carried their Amendment on Tuesday night. Indeed (to do Mr. GLADSTONE the justice which we wish there were more frequent occasion of doing), the Liberal leader has himself directly thrown cold water on these fervent Philhellenes. The words of his reported telegram to the Demarch of Athens, dissuading Greece from setting herself in opposition to the will of the Powers, would be strong from any one; but they are doubly forcible coming from a man like Mr. GLADSTONE, whose affection for Greece is probably one of the sincerest and assuredly is not the least respectable of his feelings.

The truth is that, as any one with a particle of common sense must see, the conduct of Greece can only escape the charge of gross iniquity because its even grosser absurdity perhaps strikes the eye first. The rhetorical speeches and threatened actions of the Greeks—the threats that King GEORGE will retire to a cave in the mountains, the sending of the fleet to Salamis and Eubœa, the sealed orders and all the rest of it—are merely part of the tedious sixty years' old farce of pseudo-Hellenism. The countrymen of M. DELYANNIS and of the late lamented M. ARVANITAKI can do nothing without reminding the world of their claim to be connected (Heaven knows how!) with CIMON and PERICLES, and the habit has become so inveterate that it is now in all probability almost sincere. Even M. GENNADIUS, whose accomplishments and his deserved popularity among Englishmen make it unpleasant to say anything uncomplimentary about him, has, in a letter to the *Times*, fallen in with the usual foible of his countrymen. It is very satisfactory that M. GENNADIUS can contradict the report of Greek intention to issue letters of marque; though the fact (which he himself very fairly mentions) that Turks have no maritime commerce, and the other fact that Turkish men-of-war have yardarms, are even more reassuring on the particular point. As to the "easy and complete superiority" of the Greek over the Turkish fleet M. GENNADIUS would have done well to wait. He would, again, have done well, in remembrance of a certain *Arkadi*, not to use "blockade-runner" as a term of reproach. But, most of all, he would have done well to omit the flourish about the "traditional bravery and ancestral nobility" of Greece. Probably, however, this flourish is a matter of course, and an appeal to MILTIADES or Lord BYRON, to the Sicilian expedition or the massacre at Scio, is on Greek lips something like the *O genus humanum* of Mr. HUGHES's hero, or Captain SHANDON's manipulation of "the Duke." But the circumstances of the present burst of Hellenism in Greece and Philhellenism in English newspapers change into criminal impudence what is usually a harmless, if rather tedious, habit. The glories of the past are invoked to cover as flagitious a piece of national misconduct as has been recently seen. The Greeks and their defenders have been vainly challenged to produce a single excuse for attacking Turkey. No aggression has been attempted against them, no treaty obligation has been broken, no private wrong has been inflicted on any of their people. They are simply pleased to consider that somebody else has got "more" out of Turkey, and that therefore Greece ought to get "more" too. At the same time they have been too prudent or too fearful to plunge boldly for the gain they seek. They have been vapouring and threatening and arming for months, but they have taken good care not to strike a blow; and when Europe, tired of the unceasing provocation and the strain wantonly imposed upon Turkey, tells Greece plainly that she must behave herself, the Greeks shriek once more about Lord BYRON and MILTIADES, and their foolish English abettors compliment them on their "heroic" conduct.

It may be said, indeed, that the very same conduct which makes the conduct of Greece so offensive makes it also harmless. Your modern Greek may not have the heroism of those whom he is pleased to call his ancestors; but he is usually an excellent man of business, and perfectly well understands facts. There is, it may be said, as little probability that the Greek fleet will try conclusions with Lord JOHN HAY as that Lord JOHN HAY will share the fate of XERXES's admirals. The Greeks may bluster, but they will do nothing more, and will (as has been already reported, though not confirmed) submit to the Powers. This may or may not be so, for it must be remembered that in modern war those who give the orders are not usually subject to the dangers, and that the heads of the little cliques who play alternately at Ministry and Opposition in the Greek Parliament have much to gain and little to lose by theatrical patriotism. But the real danger and the real nuisance of the attitude of Greece is independent of a formal declaration of war. It is impossible to know how long the patience of Turkey will last, and it is only too possible to know that her finances are unequal to the strain of constant preparation and defence against assaults which, however insignificant, may be delivered at any point of a wide and straggling coast of mainland and island. At any moment, too, the regular frontier struggles, which sooner or later would probably develop into a war proper, may break out. It is the avowed calculation of the friends of Greece that they will break out and make an excuse for the removal of the "Turkish yoke" from Macedonia or

Epirus or both. It is for these reasons, much more than for fear of open and regular war, that it is so important to check Greek filibustering; and it is partly for these reasons that the outcry against the check is so absurd. Nothing can possibly be less heroic than the attitude of Greece, which is adopted from considerations to which the word most opposed to heroic would be much better applied. The Greeks have calculated upon the sentimental partiality which has made them so long the spoil children of Europe; they have counted on the belief that Turkey, even if war broke out and they were defeated, would not be allowed to inflict serious hurt on them, and certainly not to deprive them of any of their present territory; they have trafficked on the supposed dissensions and counter-interests of the Powers, on the differences of English parties, on every silly or sordid motive that seemed likely to make for their advantage. Even Servia, which is not in very good odour just now, has at any rate the advantage of Greece in heroism, nor is it possible to imagine any instance in which the much-vaunted European concert could be better employed than in bringing Greece to her senses on this occasion. A vindictive person might think it almost a pity that the police of the Continent is not carried out in a still more forcible manner. There can be no desire to see the ugly modern buildings of Athens levelled by HOBART PASHA's or Lord JOHN HAY's shells, nor could any pleasure be felt if the luckless Greek recruits who are now being excited with mischievous language from platform spouters and newspaper scribblers in and out of Greece should try conclusions with Turkish soldiers. But an international HAROUN-AL-RASCHID might hold that a round fine towards the expenses which have been imposed on Turkey by the Greek armaments would be an excellent means of stopping similar trouble in future. However, this is unnecessary. The sons of the Greeks have been much more careful of their private fortunes in Paris and Manchester than of the public credit at Athens, and Greece is in no condition to afford the expense even of her own preparations. If it is understood that unprovoked and unneighbourly menaces such as she has been recently putting forth have no chance of increasing the national domains, and are quite certain to increase the national debt, Greek statesmen in future may think twice about permitting conduct as disgraceful as it is mischievous. It is most sincerely to be hoped that the Powers will continue firm in their repression of Greek turbulence and greed, and if they do there is little fear of the Greeks displaying any active "heroism."

BLOWITZ FOR ENGLAND!

AT a time when our country is very naturally subject to ridicule from the polite and to oppression from the powerful States of Europe, what a comfort it is that we still have the *Times*' Correspondent in Paris! This gallant and loyal gentleman speaks to our enemies in the gate and elsewhere. While meditating an insult to England the French Republican pauses and reflects—pauses and reflects, too, the Teutonic despot, as he plans an aggression. "Yes," think these foes of ours, "Old England is decrepit and nearly dead. Her bayonets and Ministries are collapsible; she is ruled by *pasteurs* and rowdy Puritans and enthusiastic old women. She is at the mercy of her Irish enemies, and of the first statesman who likes to sell his country for the privilege of watching by her death-bed and complicating her agonies. But she has still on her side the indomitable courage, the romantic devotion, the mordant pen of the *Times*' Paris Correspondent." Had he remembered this, M. GONDINET would probably have spared England the cruel gibes of his new comedy. One of the characters in this deliriously exciting masterpiece has remarked that he "must find out some 'savage place where he will be hidden from the jests of the 'world.'" Then "CHARLES, his friend," or rather FRÉDÉRIC, replies, "That is easy; go to London." That is easy, too, we venture to think—an obvious and accessible pleasantry in which, to our fancy, M. GONDINET might indulge himself without hurting British vanity. London—the London of the French, Leicester Square in fact—does seem rather a savage place where a man might brave his friends and their witticisms. But M. BLOWITZ feels for us more acutely than we feel for ourselves. He knows that he must report this cruel railery, but he tries to break the blow. He remarks, with an owl-like gravity, that London is not at all a savage place. The Londoners have domesticated animals; they don't tattoo themselves much; they eat farinaceous food; their dwellings,

though repulsive, are no mere caves or casual shelters of boughs and bark. No; M. GONDINET talks nonsense, and ought to know it. Terra del Fuego is a savage place; so is Alaska in parts. M. GONDINET should have made FRÉDÉRIC advise his friend to go to Terra del Fuego. The *Times* Correspondent reproaches M. GONDINET with his cockney ignorance. "For him, perhaps, the civilized world ends at 'the frontier custom-houses of France.'" That being so, there is reason good why M. GONDINET should not counsel his hero to go to Berlin. *À Berlin*—it is more easily said than done; the journey more readily attempted than performed. This is a geographical fact which M. GONDINET's countrymen have learned in a series of "object lessons." There would be no fun, to a French audience, in bidding an exile go *à Berlin*. The idea is not comic at all. So M. GONDINET falls back on *à Londres*! The joke is so obvious and inexpensive that only a true patriot, whose native heath is Printing-House Square, could grudge M. GONDINET his banter.

But the blood of the *Times* Correspondent, like that of Mr. SAMUEL SLUMKEY, "being up," he has another round with GONDINET. He reminds him that the *Comédie Française* is not the place where these craven cruelties about England should be uttered. When, in unfortunate circumstances not wholly unconnected with an ill-advised national attempt to go to Berlin, the *Comédie Française* had nowhere else to go to, they came to London. Did they find London a savage place? Were they tomahawked? Did M. GOR's scalp hang on the wampum belt of IRVING, the Brave of the Lyceum tribe? Were any of those Missionaries of Culture tortured to death, as Le Père BRÉREUF was by the Iroquois? Were the ladies of the Troupe dragged off as squaws of the Gaiety or Criterion Braves, to know the day of servitude? M. GONDINET should know that these things were not thus. Plenty of people went to see the *Comédie Française*, and some people understood more or less of what they heard. The *Comédie* was quite fashionable, and made a little money. Savages would have done M. COQUELIN *en papillote*. London asked him to dinner. The *Times* Correspondent thinks M. CLARETIE, "who is a man with tact and taste, with no reason to make 'himself offensive to England,'" might have cut out the atrocious passage. Oh, dear, dull, fantastic Correspondent, we are still Englishmen, and we care exactly as much for M. GONDINET's little joke as we do for the casual banter of the omnibus conductor or the sarcastic cabman. Nay, the whole of the witty nation may develop *esprit* at our expense, and leave us "more than common calm." We have seen so much of this kind of thing that, even if the jest were really good, we must leave the indignation to a patriotic alien, and Paris Correspondent.

GRADUATED INCOME-TAX.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN, on one of the first nights of the Session, made an ingenious attempt to pledge the Government to the principle of a graduated Income-tax. The SECRETARY OF STATE for INDIA had approved of a Budget in which it is proposed to tax small incomes at a lower rate than that which will be paid by the general community. Incomes over two thousand rupees are to be taxed at five pice in a rupee, or in one and sixpence. Incomes below that amount are to be taxed at four pice, and there are further reductions down to five hundred rupees, all incomes below that amount being exempt. An admiring follower boasts that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN "scored a point" by showing that in special cases Indian financiers make a distinction in favour of the poorer class of taxpayers. He need not have gone so far for an illustration, inasmuch as Parliament has been for many years more indulgent than the Viceroy and his Council. As the value of the rupee is, for the purposes of the Budget, estimated at eighteen pence, an income of two thousand rupees is equal to one hundred and fifty pounds a year. The lowest limit of taxable income is five hundred rupees, or thirty-seven pounds ten shillings. In the United Kingdom incomes below one hundred and fifty pounds are wholly exempt, and a deduction of one hundred and twenty pounds is allowed on incomes below four hundred a year. When the tax was first imposed the allowances to comparatively needy contributors were less liberal. The present assessment was introduced by Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE as Chancellor of the Exchequer, not without criticism on the part of some rigid economists. It was contended that, on grounds both of expediency and of justice, highly-paid artisans ought

to bear their proportion of direct taxation; and the argument has been strengthened since the working population has been invested with supreme power. It has become customary, and it is perhaps necessary, to provide for extraordinary expenditure by additions to the Income-tax; and those who bear the burden are becoming as a minority more and more politically helpless. If Mr. TREVELYAN is right in his assertion that householders without votes were no better off than negro slaves, the upper and middle classes in their permanent subjection to the working population may be compared to prædial serfs or mediæval villeins.

Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE and his less liberal predecessors in office have a plausible apology to urge. As long as taxes on ordinary articles of consumption are maintained, they fall more heavily on the less wealthy classes than on those who are comparatively rich. A clerk or a small tradesman spends a larger percentage of his income on tea, beer, spirits, and tobacco than his more prosperous neighbour. It is true that he contributes little or nothing to the revenue in the form of wine-duties or Excise licences, and that he is in many instances exempt from the house-duty; but, on the whole, the fiscal balance would incline against him if it were not redressed by the adjustment of the Income-tax. The allowance which is made for premiums on life assurance may be regarded as a boon to the trading and professional communities rather than to the poorest class of ratepayers. The concession was made some years ago; and, if it is not theoretically defensible, it may perhaps tend to encourage self-denial and prudence. The principal objection to exceptions and anomalies is that they are immediately converted into precedents. It is not known whether the Indian Budget makes an exception in favour of insurers; and the Council has probably sufficient reasons for the scale of assessment which has been fixed. The total exemption of incomes below a certain limit is probably unavoidable on grounds which are common to all countries. It is difficult to extract direct taxes from the poor; and even if the attempt were to succeed, the cost would probably be disproportionate to the result. The Indian limit of exemption is evidently established with reference to the circumstances of the classes which are respectively above and below the level. In England the intention of the Legislature has apparently been to relieve from liability all who live by manual labour, and to allow indulgence to the possessors of an humble competence. The adjustment is not the less equitable because it is founded on a rough estimate of average capability of bearing payment.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's proposal tends to create artificial and arbitrary inequality. According to his doctrine, the Legislature ought not merely to correct its own irregularities or oversights, but to readjust at its pleasure the existing distribution of property. He has perhaps not yet decided whether an additional element of caprice shall be introduced in the form of a distinction between land and personalty. In justification of his demand of ransom from landowners, he has imagined the idle and irrelevant fignment that the land was once a common possession, and that robbery may therefore be disguised as restitution. It would be too paradoxical even for a Jacobin to assert that primitive mankind owned in common the shares, the stores of merchandize, the public funds, and the other securities or commodities which represent and constitute movable wealth. Socialist projectors, therefore, affect to adjust, not the inequalities of wealth, but the contributions which its possessors are required to make for public purposes; yet the necessity of raising a large revenue is an accident which bears no relation to the distribution of property. In some small German States before the restoration of the Empire the reigning princes discharged the greater part of the expense of their public establishments from the income of their domains. It was possible, and in some cases it may actually have happened, that they could have dispensed with all taxation of their subjects. A readjustment of private possessions would in such a community have involved a candid avowal of communistic despotism. The duty of a financier is to disturb as little as possible the relative positions of different classes of taxpayers. He may probably not succeed in the attempt to administer ideal justice; but he ought carefully to abstain from deliberate partiality to the rich or to the poor. The mite which the widow cast into the treasury may be supposed to have been the due percentage of her scanty possessions. In modern fiscal practice the mite is not intentionally exacted.

One of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's interpreters and apologists admits that taxes might be so graduated as to confiscate a rich man's income altogether; but he adds that Mr.

CHAMBERLAIN is hardly the man to support such a suggestion. In other words, owners of property, real or personal, are to depend on the equity or benevolence of a demagogue who may or may not be inclined to leave them a pittance or a more liberal allowance out of that which was their own. The writer apparently relies on Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's position as the supposed owner of a considerable fortune, but a security which depends on private circumstances and motives is at the same time invidious and unsatisfactory. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN himself might fairly deprecate the reference to his own personal interests and the assumption that they were likely to influence his public conduct. Greek patriots resented the usurpation of democratic agitators who from time to time raised themselves to the rank of tyrants, not on the ground of personal disapproval or dislike, but because the upstart despots assumed to substitute their own caprice for the ancient laws of the State. It is undoubtedly improbable that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN would, if he had the power, confiscate the whole or even the greater part of large capitals or of ducal estates, but the principle of graduated taxation, if it were once introduced, would admit of indefinite extension. The amount of ransom in former times was fixed, not merely on a calculation of the means of the prisoner, but within a wide margin by the greater or less moderation of the captor. In the not impossible contingency of legislation promoted by a Ministry holding Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's opinions, protests against spoliation would be encountered by warnings that proposals of taxation might resemble the Sibylline books.

There is no reason for believing that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN represents the extreme demands of the ultra-Radical party. His ability and his political position have made him the most conspicuous advocate of revolutionary measures; but it is not improbable that, if he succeeds, competitors for popularity will be ready to outbid him. The Jacobins of the Mountain supersede the Girondists by a natural law. The HYNDMANS and the GEORGES would, if occasion served, profit by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's assaults on the sacredness of property to denounce his ransom and his graduated taxes as feeble compromises. The appetite for plunder would be whetted by a tentative instalment which would, as far as its direct operation was concerned, have left poverty where it found it. That spoliation would produce general distress is certain, even if it were confined to the land. The threat of interference has already compelled owners to restrict or to discontinue their outlay on improvements. In Ireland the triumph of fraud and violence has put an end to all expenditure which can be avoided; and it renders impossible the process of raising money on the security of land. A graduated tax on personalty would at once drive accumulated capital into foreign countries. It is true that in one of his programmes Mr. CHAMBERLAIN undertook to abolish the connexion of demand and supply; but economical laws, though they may be partially excluded from an ill-governed country, cannot be forced to obey the decree which relegates them to Jupiter and Saturn. Germany and France and America are nearer places of refuge; and their traders and manufacturers would find employment for the capital which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN might have driven from England. Property which is no longer sacred, or, in other words, secure, will seek a more suitable home. Land, indeed, cannot be sent abroad; but, if it is to be cultivated, its ownership must be once more recognized as sacred. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has not strengthened his arguments in support of robbery by his reference to a detail of the Indian Budget.

THE BAYONET IN PRIVATE LIFE.

IT has hitherto been one of the few subjects of legitimate pride left to Englishmen that some hundreds of thousands of them can be safely trusted with the possession of deadly weapons in the capacity of Volunteers. Anecdotes have undoubtedly been related of members of public-school rifle corps who in pure lightness of heart have surreptitiously discharged a round or two of ball-cartridge during a sham fight, or have accidentally winged the marker at two hundred yards when he was in the act of cleaning the target; and it is certain that a highly respectable undergraduate of a famous Cambridge college once fired random pistol-shots from his bedroom window up and down a lane. But these escapades are not as a rule productive of inquests; and, apart from purely accidental explosions, the existence among us of the amateur soldier is not generally con-

sidered to be a reasonable ground for apprehension of personal injury.

It is doubtful, however, whether this universal spirit of tolerance would survive many such episodes as that which was revealed by the trial of two cross-indictments, if we may adapt a phrase common in police-courts, at the Middlesex Sessions in the early part of this week. One evening in November last, Gunner ARTHUR BARTLEY, of the City of London Artillery Volunteers, accompanied by a friend and comrade of the name of TOVEY, sought to take his diversion at the "Havelock" public-house, Hammersmith, where a "sing-song" was the principal attraction. The harmony of the evening was unfortunately disturbed, "one of the "singers" being, like Mlle. RIGL on a recent notorious occasion, "unfavourably received." Hereupon BARTLEY "remonstrated"; but it would seem that his remonstrance, unlike that of Mr. W. S. GILBERT, or any other cultivated gentleman, did not take the form of a letter to the *Times*, for "Mr. TOY, the chairman, threatened to turn him out." According to the account given by the other side, BARTLEY actually was turned out; but his own recollection was that, being men of peace, "in order to evade any trouble, he "and TOVEY walked out of the place, the chairman following him [which must have been awkward for the sing-song] and wanting to fight him." Whatever may have been the precise truth on this point, it was admitted on all hands that BARTLEY and his friend went home and donned their uniforms, including their sword-bayonets, after which, still probably with a view of evading any trouble, they returned to the neighbourhood of the sing-song, and marched past the "Havelock" in all the glory of their military accoutrements. As ill luck would have it, trouble was not evaded. On the contrary, BARTLEY and a gentleman of the name of ACTON became involved in personal conflict, and ACTON eventually received "serious wounds" on his head from BARTLEY's bayonet. Wherefore BARTLEY prosecuted ACTON for assault, and ACTON was acquitted. But ACTON prosecuted BARTLEY and TOVEY for bayonetting his head, and, though TOVEY was acquitted, BARTLEY was found guilty and sentenced to six months' hard labour.

It is much to be hoped that Volunteers attending sing-songs or other festivals calculated to promote discord will lay these unhappy occurrences to heart. It does not appear, fortunately perhaps for BARTLEY, that the police in any way suffered from his familiarity with the use of the sword-bayonet; but if the peril of arresting angry Volunteers brandishing bayonets were to be added to the risks which constables commonly incur in the apprehension of burglars armed, not only with the legitimate "jemmy," but also with the unsportsmanlike revolver, it might soon become a practical question whether some limitations should not be put on the right of Volunteers to the custody of their weapons. That our Volunteers should be entrusted with the most approved resources of civilization for the purpose of repelling invasion is eminently right, but that the more excitable among them should come to regard their implements of destruction as fitting engines for the suppression or aggravation of pot-house rows is a consummation by no means to be encouraged. For these reasons it seems to us that the magistrate acted with propriety in condemning BARTLEY to a punishment of some severity. It is pleasing to reflect that, if the warning so given should prove to have been insufficient, the authorities have one more expedient ready to their hands. They might arm Volunteers of doubtful sobriety or of quarrelsome tendencies with such bayonets as are served out to the soldiers of the regular army. Had this precaution been observed in the case of BARTLEY, there would have been from three to four chances in ten that the collision between his weapon and ACTON's head would have been more injurious to the former than to the latter.

BURMAH.

THE most creditable, and not the least credible, item in the news received from Burmah within the last ten days is the reported success of the Indian civil officials in quieting the districts they have been ordered to administer. There is nothing in the report which is not easy to be believed. The appointment of an English Administrator is not only an unmistakable sign to the natives of our intention to remain and govern, but is at the same time a guarantee of protection. When the Burmans see that the foreigners do not

mean to retire, and hand the country back to the Woons, they, in the natural course of things, make up their minds to obey their new masters, and they do it heartily, as soon as they can feel sure that the Dacoits who are hunted out of the district this month may not come back as masters a few months hence. Mr. HUNTER thinks that the Burmans must needs prefer misgovernment by their fellow-countrymen to protection by a foreigner. Perhaps they may, but it does not follow that they prefer Dacoity to security for their lives and property. Even the government of King THEERAW did not consist wholly of Dacoity, and at present the peaceful Burmans have nothing else to expect from their countrymen. Dacoits, even though they are the enlightened patriots Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL seems to take them for, must eat, drink, and secure some of the comforts of life. They can only do so by living on the country, which means by making themselves a burden to the peaceful inhabitants. It is unfortunate that we should have decided, or have been compelled by circumstances, to work by means of native officials at all. As long as the Woons are in power, even under the check imposed by the presence of English officers, their tools and dependents, the Dacoits, will always feel sure of more or less effectual help. Still, the Hloodaw and other Burmese institutions have their uses. They have, for instance, afforded us, as Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL pointed out, a decision by a native authority that Dacoity is an offence whether the English are or are not in Upper Burmah. In pursuing the members of these bands, the army of occupation is simply filling the place of King THEERAW, and, as nobody not a member of an Aborigines' Protection Society will deny, filling it much more efficiently. This opinion, of course, is a superfluity to people who can accept the occupation of Upper Burmah as a political act done in the interest of India, and entailing all the consequences of conquest. But, as Monday night's discussion in the House of Commons showed, there are some who can by no effort be got into this point of view. For their benefit it is useful to have a declaration against the Dacoits from a Burmese authority. As some of these heroes have been tried by their own countrymen, it has become absurd to represent them as the victims of the Englishman, who, as Sir G. CAMPBELL and Messrs. KAVANAGH and HUNTER know, is guilty of great insolence of race. Now, however, that the Woons have done all the good they can by this public assertion of the law, it is to be hoped that they will be removed from the temptation to counteract it by private intrigue. The despatch of more troops, and the replacing of native rulers by Indian Civil servants, which would of itself be equivalent to a considerable reinforcement, are all that is now needed to rid Upper Burmah of its Dacoits, and of the pretenders who employ them.

The discussion on Mr. HUNTER's Amendment was only remarkable for Mr. GLADSTONE's full, though doubtless unconscious, confession that he had three times violated what he now professes to believe is the law. Mr. HUNTER, indeed, went much beyond his text, and reviewed the whole Burmese question by way of justifying an Amendment which dealt only with a certain very familiar way of drawing on the Indian revenue. The question was, whether the Government of India Act of 1858 permits the Ministry to make war with the Indian army without the previous consent of Parliament. This is a matter wholly independent of the wisdom or folly of the occupation of Burmah. When Mr. HUNTER, therefore, spoke on this latter subject he was not speaking to the point. It was a work of supererogation to prove that the conquest was not justified if the army of India is not to be set in motion, except in case of actual invasion, without consent of Parliament. Considered as a statement of his reasons for not approving of Lord DUFFERIN's policy, Mr. HUNTER's speech may be freely acknowledged to be largely beyond answer. He quoted few documents and referred to few facts; and, when he did use these resources, he was more or less inaccurate. The strength of his address lay in its character as a confession of faith. Mr. HUNTER, under the pretext of dealing with the Burmese question, did, in fact, rehearse the creed of the peculiar people who believe that there is one habitually criminal nation, and that it is England. The dogmas of this sect are well known. The English are an insolent race; they live in this world very much without God, and take of their neighbour's property in a free-handed manner; therefore, whatever they do is wrong, and all who come in contact with them are and must be in the right. To this doctrine Mr. GLADSTONE expressed his adhesion. Politicians who suffer from the anti-patriotic bias,

as Mr. H. SPENCER calls this particular fad, must have heard the member for Midlothian expressing his distrust of a sentence in the Queen's Speech which he thought "somewhat savoured of a doctrine which the House ought to watch with considerable jealousy and reserve—namely, that a civil wrong inflicted on British subjects constituted a cause of war"—with much satisfaction. Mr. GLADSTONE amplified and qualified and hedged in the well-known Gladstonian manner. He would not say that no civil wrong justified war; but he thought we ought to hesitate before affirming that all civil wrongs do amount to *casus belli*. As nobody has ever yet asserted that the improper arrest of an English tourist in Germany, or the swindling of an English Company by Spaniards, calls for an immediate declaration of war, Mr. GLADSTONE would seem to be kicking at an open door. Nobody maintains that every civil wrong is a sufficiently grave offence to call for so serious a remedy; but only that some are. Mr. GLADSTONE, however, knew very well what he was doing. His protest against a doctrine which nobody holds served to point out a place under the umbrella for the peculiar people aforesaid, and that was its ample justification. For the same reason it may be confidently asserted that Mr. GLADSTONE's long argument to prove the Conservative Ministry guilty of an offence against the Government of India Act, 1858, was not so absurd as it looks on the face of it. If, indeed, words are to be taken in their ordinary sense—a foolish supposition when Mr. GLADSTONE's oratory is in question—then it does seem even exceedingly ridiculous to hear the chief of a Cabinet which on three different occasions brought troops from India without the previous consent of Parliament calling this an illegal act, and asking what security we can have for our liberties if it is to be permitted. What, indeed, when crudely stated, can be more farcical than the statement that the condition of Burmah did not amount to an emergency, but that the necessity of marching out of Suakim to fight OSMAN DIGNA and then going back again did. Mr. GLADSTONE made something of the question of time. His Ministry had not kept Parliament waiting so long before its consent was asked as the Conservative Ministry had done. It was not difficult for Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL to show that previous means, in the language of the children of the world, before, and not shortly afterwards. If you ought to ask for previous consent, and do not, you have equally broken the law whether you come to ask for permission to do what you have already done three months too late, or three weeks, or three days, or three hours, or even three minutes. All of which is what none of the children of the world would think of denying; but then Mr. GLADSTONE spoke to the children of light, and for them previous consent may mean subsequent consent when that suits his convenience. His speech was a tendency speech, and somewhat savoured of the doctrines of Messrs. HUNTER, KAVANAGH, and the others, which is what it was meant to do. For the rest, whenever Mr. GLADSTONE has military operations to undertake, his political Little Bethels will find that the Government of India Act, 1858, does not require the previous consent of Parliament for the use of Sepoys, whatever it may do in the case of wars undertaken by the wicked Conservatives.

It is for obvious reasons desirable to abstain from saying much about the charges brought by the *Times*' Correspondent against the Provost-Marshal of the army of occupation in Burmah. At present it is only certain that one of the two must have been guilty of very gross misconduct. If the civilian has not calumniated the officer in a way which would justify severe measures of retaliation, the latter must have acted with callous inhumanity. Unfortunately, one of the charges brought against him has apparently been established to the satisfaction of his superiors, and it would be unjust towards the Correspondent to shirk the fact that he has been already proved to be well informed as to facts, though it is possible to question the accuracy of his reasoning. In this case he has cited the names of responsible witnesses, and has repeated his charge. Nothing can exceed the grossness of his offence if it is unfounded. In the contrary case there will be no doubt as to the duty of the War Office, and no dissent from the condemnation of an English officer who could be guilty of indecent and cruel levity towards men in the agony of death.

MR. COLLINGS'S AMENDMENT.

IT is, of course, no business of ours to take exception to any satirical compliments which the leaders of the Great United Liberal party may think fit to exchange. But when Mr. GOSCHEN congratulated Mr. CHAMBERLAIN the other night on his success in having transferred "a serious item" from the unauthorized to what is apparently the authorized "programme of the Liberal party," the sarcasm seems to us to be somewhat wide of the mark. Undoubtedly the transfer in question has taken place; but we hardly think that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is entitled to the credit of it. The conversion of Mr. GLADSTONE to the views of the member for West Birmingham was the involuntary act of the Government and an inevitable result of their tactics. Before the debate on Mr. COLLINGS'S Amendment began Mr. GLADSTONE had already learnt that, unless he consented at once to the proposed extension of his authorized programme, he would within another forty-eight hours have found himself called upon to assent (prematurely) to an extension of a far more serious kind. We can all understand his unwillingness to admit the Home Rule demand to a recognized place in his programme, and to present it for acceptance for his followers before he has succeeded in establishing himself on the Treasury Bench; and the only way of escape from this necessity was to accept the municipal allotment scheme in order to precipitate a defeat of the Government on that issue. That it was this consideration which determined his support of Mr. COLLINGS'S Amendment appears clearly enough from the briefest analysis of that extremely indefinite proposition. For there was nothing whatever in its terms which was calculated to force Mr. GLADSTONE'S hand. Under different circumstances he would have abounded in ingenious and politely-worded reasons for not associating himself with a "regret that no measures are announced by HER MAJESTY" for the present relief of the agricultural classes, and especially for affording facilities to the agricultural labourers "and others in the rural districts to obtain allotments and small holdings on equitable terms as to rent and security of tenure." He would have demurred to the statement that "no measures for the relief" of the classes in question had been announced, and while no doubt prepared to protest, as he did the other night, against the inadequacy of the Ministerial proposals, he would at the same time have insisted with all the force of his eloquence on the essential distinction between the inadequate and the non-existent. Gravely as he distrusted the efficacy of the proposed Ministerial measures on this subject, he would have declared it impossible for him conscientiously to affirm the proposition that Government had announced no such measures at all. Even as regards the specific question of "affording facilities to the agricultural labourer," &c., he would in all probability have pleaded for a display of generous forbearance towards Ministers, until at least the House had seen their Local Government Bill. Nothing, indeed, is easier than to imagine the various appeals and arguments by which, had the course of business been arranged differently, Mr. GLADSTONE would have invited and prevailed on his honourable friend to withdraw an inconvenient amendment.

The ambiguity of its terms, moreover, and the shifty speech of its mover—a thoroughly party performance, executed by Mr. COLLINGS, if with one eye on the sufferings of the rural labourer, certainly with the other on those of his exiled leader—would have sufficed in themselves to justify any Liberal, and, indeed, to constrain him, unless his hunger for office were uncontrollable, in refusing his support to it. Mr. COLLINGS talked in his Amendment both of "allotments" and of "small holdings"; and the use of both expressions was obviously designed for purposes of argumentative convenience. It is convenient to be able to say, as Mr. GLADSTONE said, that the question of allotments has nothing to do with that of "small freeholds"; and it is also convenient to be able to insinuate, as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN more than insinuated throughout the electoral campaign, that municipalities ought to be able, and might be enabled, to create, not a new class of small tenants, but one of small freeholders. What, again, was the meaning of "equitable terms as to security of tenure," unless the phrase was meant to point to something more than a mere multiplication of allotments, a process now going on rapidly enough through the voluntary action of landlords themselves, and likely, as Mr. GOSCHEN said, to be arrested by arming municipalities with compulsory powers to expedite it? Nothing, in short, could be more patently disingenuous

than Mr. COLLINGS'S Amendment except Mr. GLADSTONE'S dealings with it. It was intentionally so framed as at once to catch Whigs by pretending to confine itself to a mere question of cottage gardens, and to attract Radicals by suggesting the large Socialistic possibilities also involved in its elastic terms. The Ministerial reply to it was, of course, twofold. One branch of it was conveyed in Mr. CHAPLIN'S excellent speech, as thorough in its information and close in its reasoning as it was spirited in tone; the other in that of Mr. BALFOUR. Together they amounted to this. The Amendment of the member for Ipswich either did or did not mean more than it said. If it did, and imported the principles of compulsory purchase of land and the establishment of a peasant proprietary at the cost (or risk, which would ultimately mean the cost) of the rates, then nobody who is not a Socialist Radical was justified in supporting it. If, on the other hand, it meant no more than it said—if the "facilities" to labourers did not involve the compulsion of landowners, and if allotments did not cover small freeholds—then the requirements of the Amendment would be found to be sufficiently met by the actual legislative proposals of the Government. The issue, as often happens in Parliamentary debates, took some little time to disentangle itself; but it was brought out plainly enough at last. So plainly that the net thrown to catch the Whigs proved of an inefficient character, many escaping through its meshes, while the moral and intellectual character of the process by which Mr. GLADSTONE endeavoured to justify his support of it revealed itself even more clearly than is usual in such cases.

The division, in fact, turned virtually on a question which Mr. GLADSTONE avowedly shirked, allowing it, as his custom is, to be seen that he was prepared to answer it in the Radical sense as soon as he should be in a position to legislate in the Radical sense, but in the meantime pretending to treat the question as an open one. The point of compulsion is the real point of divergence between parties with respect to the matter of labourers' allotments. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN made rather weakly merry at Mr. GOSCHEN'S expense in declaring that the Government must have given almost as much offence to his economical orthodoxy as Mr. JESSE COLLINGS. It is true that Mr. GOSCHEN expressed his distrust of public action for these philanthropic purposes, and his preference for private effort. But inasmuch as the principle of public action was imported a century ago into our legislation on the subject, and the Government can only propose, at the utmost, to recognize and act upon it, Mr. GOSCHEN'S quarrel with them can hardly, with all deference to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, be so serious as his divergence with his own leader. Between the power of acquiring land by consent of its owners and the power of compelling sale of it there is all the difference in the world; and it is in reality on the question whether this latter power shall or shall not be conferred upon local authorities that the rupture between Mr. GLADSTONE and his more moderate followers has become complete. Not, of course, that Mr. GLADSTONE declared in terms that he was prepared to go all lengths with the Radicals in this matter. He would have done violence to his whole character and stultified his whole career if—in Opposition—he had done anything of the kind. He contented himself, of course, with saying that "compulsion for public objects"—a phrase which, we need hardly say, begs the whole question—is already "recognized in principle"; that "compulsion" is a matter fit to be examined and considered by this "House"; that he was "inclined to believe that, with a good local authority and the judicious use of public action as to security, much might be done short of compulsion"; but that he was "by no means prepared to say" that compulsion is to be shut out. From which choice assortment of phrases facing both ways Mr. GOSCHEN and the other Liberals who abstained or voted with the Government were, in our opinion, well warranted in inferring that Mr. GLADSTONE is only awaiting his return to power in order to swallow the CHAMBERLAIN programme whole. Before the divorce of the labourer from the soil can be got rid of, an end must be put to another divorce which appears to Mr. GLADSTONE quite as monstrous, although it seems to some other people quite as natural, as the separation of which he complains. The divinely ordained union between that couple whom men have impiously put asunder—himself and office—must be restored, and the wedding of the labourer to the soil, at present the wife of somebody else—but that is a detail—will be celebrated with all reasonable promptitude.

LORD WOLSELEY AS A CROAKER.

"A GOVERNMENT," wrote my Lord MACAULAY, "must, indeed, be in danger when men like SPRAT address it in the language of HAMPTON." The British army must, indeed, be in bad case when Lord WOLSELEY can speak of it in the language used by the military gentlemen commonly called fossils or old fogies by the new school of soldiers and the *Times* newspaper. So little has been said lately about this force that we were beginning to drop back into our habitual state of complacency. It is, therefore, startling, though doubtless wholesome, to be reminded once more of its weakness in numbers. The warning is, or ought to be, all the more effective as coming from Lord WOLSELEY, who is not accustomed to look at the gloomy side of the condition of the force, or, at least, is little in the habit of commenting thereon in public. It must, therefore, be supposed that things are in a serious condition when he takes the opportunity of a distribution of prizes to a Volunteer regiment to comment on the dangerous insufficiency of our national defences. These ceremonies, even when the corps happens to be so well known as the Artists, are rarely matters of general public interest. Lord WOLSELEY has made the meeting at the Criterion exceptionally interesting, and it is the business of everybody who has any means of making his statements generally known to help in the dissemination of Lord WOLSELEY's warning.

Nothing can be more uncompromising than his language. As a matter of course, Lord WOLSELEY has much to say about the admirable quality of our troops. He did not quote the famous saying attributed to Marshal Bugeaud, though the occasion was tempting. Perhaps one reason why he abstained from a quotation was that his own speech was the Marshal's judgment writ large. He, too, has to point out that the British army (the Frenchman only said the infantry, but Lord WOLSELEY is more generous) is the best in the world, though unhappily there is too little of it. The proofs of its excellence are what we are already familiar with—to wit, the excellent fighting done in the Soudan. It is becoming too tedious to reply to these gratulations that the carefully-selected old soldiers who were gathered for the abortive march on Khartoum did not, and could not, represent the average efficiency of the army under the new system of recruiting. They were what in the old English military language was called commanded men—a picked corps, in other words. This is a fact which, however, must be pointed out as often as Lord WOLSELEY repeats his favourite fallacy even at the risk of tedium. In this case it would have been so much more pleasant to avoid the repetition because we can agree so heartily with much of Lord WOLSELEY's speech. When he said that the great malady of the British army was paucity of numbers, he was unfortunately stating a most undoubted fact. It suffers from other evils—bad bayonets, for example—and, saving Lord WOLSELEY's reverence, the general youth and insufficient physique of the men. Let anybody who doubts whether it is so look at the British soldier, not as he is to be seen in London, where the Guards, or at Portsmouth, where the Artillery and Marines, raise the average, but in garrison towns where linesmen only are quartered. Still paucity of numbers is the great evil. We have not enough even of young and weakly soldiers. And what is the condition of affairs in which our army is in this dangerously feeble condition? It is, to continue our quotations from Lord WOLSELEY, one in which the chances of serious calls on it are increasing on every side. Our responsibilities in Egypt have largely increased; and so they have in Burmah and the North-West frontier of India, he might have added. Meanwhile our enemies—our possible enemies—are not growing weaker or less unfriendly. Quite the reverse. There are storms ahead, and disaster will sooner or later overtake us, and our soldiers will be sacrificed in a hopeless struggle for which the nation has neither the wisdom, the foresight, nor sufficient self-denial to prepare—that is, if things are allowed to drift as they are drifting now. We have the pleasure of being able to say ditto to Lord WOLSELEY very heartily. If a suggestion may be permitted, we should venture to add that he might repeat all this in another place. These truths would come with much more effect from his seat in the House of Lords than from across the dining-table after a Volunteer dinner, when they can be thrust into a corner of the newspapers and mercilessly compressed by sub-editors greatly troubled about space. The temptation to make another comment on Lord WOLSELEY's speech is irresistible. When Lord CARDWELL's scheme was

introduced and carried by heroic measures fifteen years ago, it was said, and repeated even to nausea, that it would relieve us, when once it was in working order, from that chronic want of men which vexed the British War Office. Eight years was to have been enough. Nearly twice that period has passed, and the officer who of all men was best pleased with the short-service system is telling us that we are short-handed. It is enough to disgust anybody with schemes of army reform.

MR. FLOWERS.

MR. FREDERIC FLOWERS, whose death at the ripe age of seventy-six has been feelingly noticed by several of our contemporaries, well deserved all that has been said of him; but the special attractiveness of his character could be understood only by those who knew him long and well.

Mr. FLOWERS was the son of a Lincolnshire clergyman, and was a barrister on the Midland Circuit. Till his appointment in 1864 to the magistracy which he held to his death, he was hardly known to any but a very few members of his own profession. For many years he was a prominent figure at the Lincoln Assizes and at some of the Lincolnshire Quarter Sessions. He had now and then a brief at Nottingham; he was hardly known at Derby, and beyond these three towns he was altogether unknown in his profession. He rarely, if ever, had a brief of any sort in London. He made no pretensions to any remarkable knowledge of law, or to any sort of literary distinction; and when he was considerably past fifty he had done nothing whatever which, if he had then died, would have been remembered by more than a very small number of persons. His eminent merits had, however, procured him friends, on whose earnest recommendation he obtained the appointment which he held to his death with universal applause. A better appointment could not have been made, nor could any man have been chosen for his place who had less connexion with party politics or less political influence.

His excellence as a magistrate was caused by the union in him of intellectual merits which, though by no means common, were certainly not extraordinary, with moral qualities which are rarer. He had excellent plain common sense, and a sound, though not an extensive or profound, knowledge of law. Whatever he did was sure to be quiet and rational. He made no mistakes and no displays. His moral qualities were extreme kindness, excellent moral tact and discrimination, a strong sense of justice, especially towards any one who was poor and weak, and the most ready and winning sympathy. A kindlier, more patient, more modest man, one who thought more of doing well whatever had to be done, and less of displaying his own abilities in doing it, could nowhere have been found. His friends will find no difficulty in believing every word which his colleague Mr. VAUGHAN said of the extent and of the causes of his popularity amongst the unfortunate people over whom his jurisdiction was principally exercised. A London police magistrate has to discharge duties intrinsically as difficult and important as those of judges who occupy a higher official position, and though many excellent men have held that office, it may be doubted whether any of them have filled it more quietly, more usefully, or in a more friendly, conciliatory spirit than he.

It is time, however, to give a slight sketch of the man himself as he was in the vigour of his life, and to indicate, if possible, the nature of the peculiar charm which won the hearts of all who knew him. In person Mr. FLOWERS was small, slight, and delicate. His eyes sparkled with fun. His appearance, manner, and gestures suggested humour, sense, and spirit, considerably subdued by shyness, and that superficial timidity which is not at all akin to cowardice or inconsistent with courage and high spirit. His practice, small as it was, was almost entirely in the criminal courts; but it would be impossible to imagine any one less like the conventional Old Bailey barrister. A brief was a disagreeable surprise to him, and when the Circuit had passed Lincoln he used to say, "Now I'm happy; I shall not have to speak again this circuit." He would make the most ludicrous appeals to his juniors to do his work for him; he would lie awake all night before an important trial; but when he got on his legs and heard his own voice his shyness disappeared, and he was capable of a kind and degree of eloquence seldom heard in an English court of justice, and of which it is difficult to give an idea. In an action for seduction tried at Lincoln, some

instances of what was described as impropriety of conduct were imputed to the daughter of his client. In order to represent them as cases of mere innocent rusticity of manners, he assumed (as he could when he pleased) the broad Lincolnshire which is embalmed in Lord TENNYSON'S *Northern Farmer*, and thundered out, with overwhelming effect, "What does that fine London gentlemen there" (a not strictly accurate description of the counsel for the defendant) "know of our girls when he finds fault with 'the poor thing before you twelve Lincoln farmers? Why, 'what would any one of your own wives have done?' His first important case was a case of murder, which was tried at Nottingham forty years ago or more, and he displayed such eloquence in it, and such spirited indignation at some unfairness on the part of the counsel for the Crown, as to win Lord DENMAN'S lasting admiration and support. Eloquence, however, was nearly his only gift as an advocate. It was not supported by the rougher and more commonplace qualities which are essential to practical success, and the great speech was not, as it ought to have been, and would have been in a novel, the fruitful parent of a family of little ones.

Mr. FLOWERS would have made an excellent comic actor. He was elected by the Bar Mess of the Midland Circuit (the old Midland Circuit of all—as it was down to 1864) to be their chaplain; and he used to preach sermons which were full of humour and quite free from irreverence. He was usually called on to preach when the Bar dined with the Judges, and his favourite text was, "The cloak which I 'left at Troas," which he used to explain to be hypocrisy. On one occasion he addressed his audience thus:—"Oh! 'my brethren, have you left your cloaks at Troas? Have 'you? Have you? Have you?' and, fixing his eyes specially on Lord CAMPBELL, "Have you, my lord, left your 'cloak at Troas?"

It is with a pleased, though with a deeply saddened, feeling that an old friend and companion recalls these poor old stories, and lets his mind run back for thirty years in search of them. He cannot conclude the discharge of his empty office more suitably than by quoting HADRIAN'S epigram, which might have been written for his friend:—

Animula vagula blandula,
Hospes comesque corporis,
Quae nunc abibis in loca,
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec ut soles dabis jocos?

HARD TIMES AND EMIGRATION.

THE meeting of the British and Colonial Emigration Society on Tuesday, at which Mr. FROUDE was present, could not have been held at a more fitting time. Although Mr. GIFFEN has proved that the working classes are much better off than they were before, it is certain that a great many people are out of work. Some of them are, no doubt, persons who will never work if they can help it. But the overcrowded state of England, which is perennial, becomes acute in periods of commercial depression such as we are now passing through. Much of the evidence taken before Lord IDDESLEIGH'S Commission points to the fact that it is rather the profits than the volume of trade which have diminished, and there is no reason in that case why a diminution of profits should mean a diminution of the labour employed. Still, it is impossible to ignore the reports from several provincial towns, and from the East-End of London, all tending to show that the excess in the supply of workmen over the demand for them has produced great misery. It is tantalizing to contrast with this melancholy state of things the condition of Eaglehurst, in Victoria, as described to Mr. FROUDE by the Mayor. "The 'only want here," said that functionary, "is population, 'and we could take the whole population of Glasgow 'to-morrow and find employment for them." Of course the problem is not nearly so simple as these opposing pictures might make it appear. If the British and Colonial Emigration Society were to transport the surplus inhabitants of Whitechapel and Bethnal Green bodily to Eaglehurst, it would do a great deal more harm than good, and run the risk of having most of its clients returned upon its hands. In fact, the real difficulty which the Society has to face is that those whose emigration is most desirable in the interests of this country are just the very last visitors whom the Colonies wish to see. The Mayor of Eaglehurst, whom Mr. FROUDE has perhaps reported with some historical license,

may be an exception. It is to be feared that Sir SAUL SAMUEL, the Agent-General for New South Wales, is a better representative of average colonial opinion. Sir SAUL SAMUEL expressed himself at the meeting with unflinching frankness. "You desire to relieve the distress of this 'country," he observed, "by sending . . . the paupers of 'this country to the Colonies. I am quite confident that 'the Colonies will be no party to a scheme of that kind." New South Wales was compelled to receive in former times a good many of those Englishmen depicted in a famous couplet by one of themselves:—

True patriots we, for, be it understood,
We left our country for our country's good.

Those days are over, and the Free-trade of New South Wales does not extend either to convicts or to paupers. At the same time, Sir SAUL SAMUEL was able to give a satisfactory account of the emigration carried out by the community to which he belongs. But the twenty-seven thousand emigrants sent to New South Wales in the last five years were selected by officers whom the Colonial Government appointed. It is essential to successful emigration, or at least to successful colonial emigration, that the assent of the colonial authorities should be previously obtained in each case. It is probably true, as Sir SAUL SAMUEL says, that the people who succeed in the Colonies are the people who would succeed at home. But, then, they cannot all succeed at home, because there is not room for them.

The High Commissioner for Canada, while keeping within the bounds of prudence and moderation, contrived to be a little less discouraging than the Agent-General for New South Wales. After emphatically protesting against the emigration of paupers, Sir CHARLES TUPPER dwelt on the want of servant-girls in Canada; and declared that "in the 'great North-West of Canada to-day there was ready for 'the hand of the husbandman land capable of giving ample 'support to the entire population of these islands." This information may be commended to the notice of Mr. JESSE COLLINGS and the agricultural labourer, painfully striving after three acres without a cow. What is wanted to make the efforts of the British and Colonial Society succeed is free communication between all parts of the Empire. The meeting passed a resolution in favour of local emigration committees. That is a step in the right direction. But it ought to be known also where emigrants are wanted, and how many, and of what sort. Science is said to have annihilated time and space. Human intelligence, however, is wanted to take advantage of the fact, and that the Colonial Office seems unable or unwilling to supply. A deputation has waited upon the Secretary of State, and Colonel STANLEY, with the vigour and decision which characterize the present generation of his family, replied that he would consider the statements which had been made to him with a view to arriving at a determination on the question whether it was worth while to institute inquiries, or used words to that effect. The Colonial Office is understood to frown upon a Central Emigration Agency, though it has no objection to employing, for the purpose of spreading information, the post-offices, which are not under its control. Some time or other even the Colonial Office will have to learn that it is made for the country, and not the country for it. The need of emigration is becoming more and more urgent every day. Mr. CHAPLIN said, in the debate on Mr. BARCLAY'S Amendment to the Address, that within the last few years the wages of agricultural labourers in Lincolnshire had been reduced from three shillings to two shillings a day, and that he did not see how during the coming winter the farmers were to pay even that. The author of *Oceana* has done something in that delightful volume to stimulate a salutary movement.

MR. JUSTICE DAY'S NEW RULING.

UNLESS Mr. Justice DAY has been strangely misreported in the *Times*, he has introduced a novel and startling proposition into the criminal law of England. The doctrine that drunkenness is no excuse for crime has been so often laid down from the Bench as to have become almost a truism. There are probably a good many people whose knowledge of criminal jurisprudence begins and ends with it. Certainly if the notion be erroneous, an immense number of people have been improperly convicted. Drunken brawls have led to thousands of convictions for murder, manslaughter, and unlawful wounding. In fact, not a Sessions

passes at the Old Bailey without such cases being tried. It has been generally supposed that the fact of the law being so had a highly beneficial effect upon the more violent classes of the community. If a man knows that he has only to drink enough, and the law will no longer consider him responsible for his acts, a very valuable restraint upon his tricks and his manners is removed. Hitherto he has, so to speak, got drunk at his own risk, knowing very well beforehand, and feeling indistinctly at the time, that he could not drink himself out of the jurisdiction of the QUEEN'S Courts. If Mr. Justice DAY's ruling at Lancaster the other day has been accurately reported, and if it be not promptly disavowed, this salutary restraint can no longer be relied upon. Mr. Justice DAY was called upon to try one JOSEPH BAINES for the murder of his wife. BAINES, it appeared from the evidence, was an habitual drunkard, who, after a temporary abstinence, became excessively intoxicated on Christmas Eve. At eleven o'clock on the morning of Christmas Day, without any apparent provocation, BAINES stabbed his wife four times, and she died in a quarter of an hour. He was under the delusion that she had been unfaithful. The defence was insanity; but BAINES was found guilty and sentenced to death. So far there was unhappily nothing very remarkable in the case. Counsel for the prosecution, however, quoted a decision of Mr. Justice MANISTY's on the subject of insanity as a defence, and it is Mr. Justice DAY's comments upon this decision which constitute the noticeable element of the trial. Mr. Justice MANISTY appears to have held that a state of disease brought about by the prisoner's own act—for instance, delirium tremens caused by excessive drinking—was not a sufficient defence to establish unless the disease was permanent. Mr. Justice DAY dissented altogether from this view, and declined to follow Mr. Justice MANISTY. It mattered not, he said, whether the man's condition was due to his own conduct or to the vices of his ancestors, and he added, according to the *Times* report, these remarkable words:—"I have ruled that, if a man were in such a state of intoxication that he did not know the nature of his act or that his act was wrongful, his act would be excusable."

We do not know when or where Mr. Justice DAY first ruled this. But public attention cannot be too soon directed to it. The special circumstances in which a judge's words were used must, of course, always be considered in criticizing what he says. In this instance, the prisoner was convicted with the Judge's entire approval, although he had been several times under treatment for delirium tremens, which attacked him a week before, and again two days after the crime. At the very time when he killed his wife he beat himself with a stick, and ran his head against the wall. It seems strange, therefore, that he was found guilty after Mr. Justice DAY's ruling, if that ruling were as absolute as it is reported to have been. Suppose, however, that BAINES had stabbed his wife, not on the morning of the 25th, but on the evening of the 24th of December, when he was undoubtedly very drunk. Would he have been acquitted, at Mr. Justice DAY's suggestion, on the ground of insanity? It is difficult to over-estimate the importance of this question, which ought to be authoritatively answered. Mr. Justice MANISTY's distinction between temporary and permanent insanity may, perhaps, not be warranted by precedent. On the other hand, when a man is clearly mad, no Court would inquire into the original cause of his affliction. The subject is beset with difficulties, and no view of it is free from the possibilities of hostile criticism. But, while Mr. Justice MANISTY's view is perhaps more safe than logical, Mr. Justice DAY's is certainly more logical than safe. The defence of insanity is very rarely set up except in cases of murder, since imprisonment during HER MAJESTY'S pleasure—in other words, consignment to Broadmoor—is a far heavier penalty than any inflicted for ordinary crimes. Lord BRAMWELL has recently reflected, with some severity, upon the readiness with which the defence of insanity is allowed. It would be interesting to know his opinion of the dictum attributed to Mr. Justice DAY. The questions always put to the jury, on the authority of MACNAGHTEN's case, are, Did the prisoner know what he was doing? and, Did he know that it was wrong? Nothing is said about sobriety. Lord BRAMWELL, we believe, once suggested that the jury should rather be asked to say whether the prisoner would have committed the offence if a policeman had been at his elbow. There are, of course, crimes, such as forgery, where drunkenness is not an excuse, but negative evidence, as showing that the prisoner could not have had the fraudulent purpose necessary to constitute

the felony. But for crimes of violence drunkenness has never been held a defence, and it would be a relief to know that Mr. Justice DAY has been misrepresented. The result of the trial looks as if he had.

LORD SALISBURY'S RECORD ABROAD AND AT HOME.

IF the accomplished author of *Popular Government* should desire a new illustration of the truth of his criticisms, the impending change of Ministry will assuredly supply it. Assuming, as we must assume, that the object of every consultation of the electorate is to procure the selection of the fittest depositaries of national power, there could be no more flagrant demonstration of the failure of this Constitutional process than present circumstances afford. The first act of the new Parliament which it has given us is to displace a Ministry who, by the admission even of their enemies, have conducted the affairs of the country with signal success, in favour of a body of rivals who, by the admission even of their friends, have but lately completed an administrative career of unexampled miscarriage. This, we repeat, is common ground with both political parties alike; it is recognized wherever independence of judgment and sincerity of speech exist, whether among Liberals or Conservatives. Called to power in circumstances of singular difficulty both at home and abroad, Lord SALISBURY and his colleagues have conducted both foreign and, if we except the single error of permitting the lapse of the Crimes Act, home affairs without one mistake. As regards the former department of administration, it is not open even to Mr. GLADSTONE himself to dispute the proposition which we have just affirmed. We do not, of course, suppose that he sees the history of his late tenure of power as others see it; that he is adequately ashamed of its hideous blunders, and appalled at its terrible crimes. But among the "others who see him" as he cannot see himself, there is one cloud of witnesses whose testimony it does not lie in his mouth to dispute. He was continually appealing to the European concert during his term of office, and to that CÆSAR he must go. The opinions of the Chanceries, the Legislatures, the Bourses of Europe constitute a body of authority which he cannot possibly repudiate; and these opinions are absolutely unanimous. Europe has shown for the last six months by its steadily growing confidence and composure that it recognized in the Government of Lord SALISBURY those qualities of wisdom and resolution by the display of which an English Minister can do so much to maintain the peace of the world; and Europe is showing now by every sign of anxiety and agitation that it expects the reverse of these qualities in the Government which is to succeed.

This is not to say, of course, that every Government in Europe is displeased at the prospect. With some the agitation is of a more or less pleasurable kind. A promised troubling of the waters must naturally be welcome to those who propose to fish in them. The various organs of Russian opinion express their satisfaction at Mr. GLADSTONE's advent to power in various ways, and even on some variety of grounds; but it is plainly visible in all their comments. They know, for one thing, that it will inevitably, though by a curious irony, tend to break up that European concert which Mr. GLADSTONE believes himself to have founded; and seeing that that concert, in so far as it has ever existed, has only been another name for a combination of the other European Powers to hold in check the designs of Russia in Eastern Europe, anything which will break up the informal league must, according to the Russian view, be to the good. The satisfaction felt in Russia is of course the measure of the uneasiness displayed in all other capitals in Europe. In Austria, who may be almost said to exist upon those conditions which Mr. GLADSTONE's advent threatens, the feeling is of course unanimous, and so also is it in Germany. Even among French Radicals the sentiment expressed on the subject depends entirely on whether the speaker thinks most of the triumph of his faction or of the interests of his country and the world. The verdict of civilization, in fact, is clear and consentient as to the record of Lord SALISBURY's Government considered as directors of the foreign policy of England. As regards their domestic administration, that, we are glad to remember, is a long-settled controversy. Their opponents had reluctantly to admit that more and better legislative work was done in the two months of Conservative rule in the autumn of last year than had been done, not merely in the two preceding months, but we might almost say in the

two previous years; and disconcerted Radicals were compelled to explain it by a modest reference to their own virtues as an Opposition. The simple fact is that it was the despised quality of "business capacity," the simple prosaic knack of avoiding unnecessary friction, and doing the right thing at the right time and in the right way, which enabled the Conservative Government to proceed rapidly and smoothly with a kind of work with which their predecessors had year after year found themselves unable to make reasonable progress. It would be ridiculous, of course, for any Government to plume themselves on the possession of faculties which they share with hundreds of directorial Boards throughout the country; but, the more ordinary these faculties are, the more vexatious and humiliating is it to reflect that "Popular Government" insists on restoring power to one of the few Committees of Englishmen among which these faculties have been almost wholly wanting.

THE FRENCH MINISTRY AND THE AMNESTY.

M. DE FREYCINET'S Ministry has been well advised in making light of its defeat on the vote of urgency for **M. ROCHEFORT'S** Amnesty Bill. There can hardly be anybody in France or out of it who will venture to prophesy what the present French Chamber may or may not do; but what it seems least likely to do is to find a majority in favour of the amnesty which is to be asked for. That measure in the shape it is taking is not likely to interrupt any Minister in the task he has undertaken. **M. DE FREYCINET** will probably have some space left him in which to show how to get rid of the floating debt without a new loan, as he has promised to do. It is a great wager at a time when the Government has been compelled to triple the interest it is offering on Treasury bonds within a fortnight as its only means of meeting current expenses. General **BOULANGER** may be allowed some months in which to redeem his promise to save a large though unspecified number of millions on the Army Budget. The naval officers dismissed from their posts by Admiral **AUBE**, with the avowed object of breaking up the cliques which have made the Ministry of Marine a family ship, and the undoubted effect of putting his own party into office, have a fair chance of seeing him try to save forty millions of francs a year, and a reasonable hope of seeing him fail. **M. GOBLET** meanwhile is to show how to cut down civil expenses, while increasing the pay of the schoolmasters, and adding to the pension list. These things read like the tasks set to the heroines of **GRIMM'S** fairy tales, but they had supernatural help which will probably not be afforded to the French Ministry.

M. ROCHEFORT'S Amnesty Bill seems likely to come to grief because he cannot obtain a majority to release his friends without himself helping to do a good turn to his enemies. It has been consigned to pretty certain ruin by the promptitude and insight of **Mgr. FREPPEL**. As it stood, it was to include all persons punished for political offences and not pardoned by **M. GRÉVY** when he remitted the remainder of their terms of imprisonment to Prince **KRAPOTKIN**, **Mlle. LOUISE MICHEL**, and a few others. **M. ROCHEFORT** had, of course, understood that **CYVOCT**, the dynamiter, and **BERESOFSKY**, the Pole who shot at the **CZAR**, were included in this list. He especially stated that he meant the amnesty to cover the Arabs who are in prison for rebellion and its attendant offences of murder and fire-raising in Algiers. When **Mgr. FREPPEL** announced that he and his friends were prepared to let these persons out of prison, he also pointed out that political offences include electoral offences. The Bill would, therefore, have the unexpected effect of restoring their stipends to the priests who have been so arbitrarily punished for exerting themselves on the side of the Conservative candidates. The friends of the Church and the believers in the righteousness of upsetting everything united to vote the urgency of the Bill; but reflection came next morning. Since the beginning of the week the Chamber has been at work removing first one and then another class from the list of people to be amnestied. The Arabs have been given up. **BERESOFSKY** was soon discovered to be impossible; and then the Radicals discovered that not even for the sake of **CYVOCT** could they agree to vote for restoring the stipends of the priests; so they have struck them out too, till hardly anybody remains but **CYVOCT** himself. The Conservatives will hardly vote for him only, and so **M. ROCHEFORT'S** Bill will probably come to grief. The action of the Radicals in this matter has not

been calculated to encourage any party to help them. **M. GRÉVY** is known to be fond of exercising his prerogative of mercy, particularly when the offence has been especially heinous; but he would hardly have let loose Prince **KRAPOTKIN** and **LOUISE MICHEL** if he had not been advised by the new Ministry to do so as a concession to the Radical wing of their party. The lady got into trouble for leading a mob to pillage the bakers' shops. Prince **KRAPOTKIN** has been an object of sympathy to well-meaning persons who seem to think that, because the Russian Government is oppressive, and Siberia is an unpleasant place to be sent to, therefore a private Russian gentleman may innocently, not to say commendably, go about advocating the use of dynamite in other countries. The French Courts exercised their sharpest practice on him most undoubtedly, but the enemies of society should be men enough to play the game. If they choose to use any weapon which comes to their hand, they must expect to be treated with the little regard shown to those who play foul. Prince **KRAPOTKIN** would not have been released if **M. GRÉVY** had not hoped to please the Radicals by letting him out. Fortunately they have not been pleased at all, but offended, and have tried to force the Government, which had just made concessions, to yield much more. It will be well for the future of the French Republic if this experience convinces the more moderate parties of the futility of all attempts to satisfy the Radical appetite.

A NEW MISDEMEANOUR.

THE first effort of constructive legislation on the part of the agrarian reformer is now before the world in the shape of a "Land Cultivation Bill"; and when we say that the back of this masterly project of law is inscribed with the names of **MR. BRADLAUGH**, **MR. LABOUCHÈRE**, **MR. ARCH**, and **MR. BURT**, we feel sure that the information will have the effect of the clock striking in the opening scene of **MR. PUFF'S** tragedy. It will beget an awful attention in the audience. We cannot say, however, that we were for our own part unprepared for the first words which greet us at the rising of the curtain. Knowing what modern Radical legislation is, we quite expected them. They are as follows:—"From and after the 1st of January, 1887, any person shall be guilty 'of a misdemeanour.' There is a 'hit' to start with; the Radical authors of the new Bill have brought the House down at once. 'From and after, &c., any person shall be guilty 'of a misdemeanour' (Applause, and the more methodical of the critics present enter it duly in their note-books as the forty-first new misdemeanour created by statute within the last five years) 'who shall'—but here we suspect the interest may show signs of flagging; it is our duty, however, to proceed—'who shall hold in any agricultural district any land of more than a hundred acres in extent in 'a waste or uncultivated state, unless such land shall not for 'any purpose be cultivable with profit, or unless such land 'shall have been devoted to some purpose of public utility 'or enjoyment.' Then in the next section it goes on:—'Upon conviction for such misdemeanour'—and here, no doubt, there may be a certain revival of curiosity. What is to be the punishment of the misdemeanant? Two years imprisonment? One year? Six months? And with hard labour or without it? Is he to be punished as severely as if he had stolen a loaf of bread, as, indeed, he constructively has—many loaves of bread? Or as lightly as if he had only abducted a little girl?"

Such are the questions which will doubtless rise to every one's lips who has got thus far with **MR. LABOUCHÈRE'S** "dreadful." It is with the greatest regret that we record its flat and disappointing *dénouement*. The misdemeanant is not imprisoned at all, either with or without hard labour; nor is he even fined. Nay, he is not so much as bound over to keep the peace, or to be of good behaviour, or to come up for judgment when called upon, or visited with any other such monitory substitute for an actual penalty. "The Commissioners hereafter appointed are simply to 'eject forthwith the person so convicted as to all the lands 'found by the jury to be so uncultivated, and there- 'upon the said lands shall vest in the said Commissioners.' This, it may be thought, is in the nature of a fine—inadequate, no doubt, but still a fine—for the commission of the new misdemeanour; but then what follows? Why, by the 4th section it is enacted that 'the person so convicted and ejected shall be entitled to receive from the

"Consolidated Fund"—to "receive" for a misdemeanour!—for the term of twenty-five years from the date of such "ejectment an annual sum equal to the average value of the annual actual produce of the said lands, calculated over a term of fourteen years prior to the date of such conviction." So that, instead of being heavily fined—as, of course, he should be, and sentenced in addition to so much "hard labour" on his neglected land as may suffice for its reclamation—the offender is to be positively rewarded by the State whose laws he has broken! Is this all the courage of Radical opinions? It is impossible to believe it. We cannot but think that some mistake has occurred in the printing of the Bill—unless, indeed, the offer of compensation is a mere practical joke, as on a second perusal of the Bill we incline to think it is. For we notice that the compensation is to be based, not on the estimated, but on the *actual*, annual produce of this unproductive land for the last fourteen years. Now we see it all; it is a little joke of Mr. LABOUCHERE and his collaborators; and its meaning is, of course, that, if land has lain unproductive for fourteen years, its dispossessed shall for the next twenty-five years be entitled to receive annually from the Commissioners a fourteenth part of fourteen times nothing. That is as it should be; and we trust that this is the true construction of the Bill.

WINTER IN FLORENCE.

THOUGH Florence is not a town well suited for those who visit Italy in search of health, at least during the late and early months of the year, it is far from being an unpleasant winter resort for strangers who have a less melancholy reason for travelling. The very absence of invalids renders the foreign society more cheerful and less restrained, and—but for the other attractions of the city, are they not all written in the guide-books? Still, even a foreigner is apt to find that a week of really cold weather is a period of trial, unless he occupies rooms with an exceptionally favourable aspect, or furnished with some modern appliance for heating. The old Italian fireplace is an ingenious contrivance for letting all the warmth escape by the chimney, while most of the smoke is driven into the room. The poorer Florentines are even more unfortunate than the casual visitor, as they can seldom make any fire at all, except in the kitchen. This is probably the reason why they are so fond of *scaldini*—earthen vessels, filled with glowing charcoal—which are generally treated with an undeserved contempt by foreigners. Even Goethe, with all his careful study of Italian life, seems never to have perceived their true use. To put a small jar of embers in the midst of a lofty and draughty hall seems merely to be mocking the misery of its forlorn inhabitant. Yet when properly managed a *scaldino* becomes a comfort. To derive any benefit from it you must sit upon it much as a hen does upon her eggs; that is to say, you must place it between your feet, and wrap a thick plaid or rug round it and the whole lower part of your body. When treated thus it produces a real, though somewhat limited, satisfaction.

Those whose only business is pleasure may find some compensation for the discomfort of their rooms in the open air. The coldest days are generally sunny, and walks which, like the Lung' Arno, are protected from the wind are pleasantly warm during the mid-day hours. They are thronged by Florentines, who come forth to bask in the sunshine; but, like the lizards which occasionally steal out of their holes for a similar purpose, they look depressed and lifeless. All the sprightliness of summer has vanished, the swift light grace of eye and gesture has given place to a forced and preoccupied energy; if glance or motion quicken, it is only in response to a conscious act of the will; the exuberance of life which at other times distinguishes both the Italian and the lizard is quite gone.

After sunset, when the outside air grows sharp, almost every one seeks a shelter. What becomes of the women of the lower middle class it is difficult to say; probably in such weather they go to bed as early and get up as late as they can, unless it is a Sunday or festival, and they can persuade one of the male members of their family to let them sit beside him in the small caffè he frequents. Almost all such houses are furnished with stoves or warmed by hot air, and frequented by ladies under proper protection. Draughts, dominoes, and the games of cards which are permitted by the authorities are played at the different tables, and whoever pays for a single cup of coffee asserts a right to remain as long as he feels inclined. Strange scenes may sometimes be seen in such places. A child of some four years will enter, muffled warmly under his father's cloak. Two men, probably uncles of the boy, accompany them. As soon as the door is closed the little prisoner is set free, he struts up to the best table, and orders coffee with rum for three, and cakes for four. A wink to the proprietor satisfies him that the order is to be executed, and the young hero pays for the whole repast. He hands round the cakes, but nobody takes one except the father, who pockets two, probably from prudential reasons. If you sit near the table you will hear that it is the festival of the child's patron saint, the day that is kept in Italy as a birthday is in Eng-

land, that his mother has died in the course of the year, and that the father thought this was the best way "of making him a pleasure." Such things are not the custom of the country, but they are characteristic of the people.

The wine-shops are dangerous rivals of the small caffès, and are greatly preferred by the old-fashioned Florentines, though they rarely aspire to the dignity of a newspaper, and no ladies are to be found there except the relations of the host. In most of these the old Italian system of heating is still continued. A large metal vessel full of glowing charcoal is brought in shortly after sunset and placed upon a tripod. The guests gather round it; every now and then a fan woven of grass or rushes is used to remove the white ashes and increase the glow, the doors are kept shut as closely as business will permit, and the heat soon makes itself felt in the small, low room. Then in most places the guests betake themselves to cards; but in some a little circle is formed around a teacher from the neighbouring elementary school or a sub-official with a literary taste, who reads aloud to those who frequent the shop, either every evening or twice or three times a week. He is not paid for his services; but one or other of the guests usually treats him to a glass of wine, and the host most likely supplies him with a frugal supper. On the other hand, the choice of his author is left entirely to him, and the choice is usually a bad one. Dull summaries of the history or of the lives of the more distinguished men of Italy are his favourite bill of fare; but now and then his austerity softens, and, after reading a biography of Boccaccio, he will diverge into one of his tales. This is always of the most proper kind, for the modern Florentine is much more susceptible of pathos than of humour, and it is strange to hear these courtly old romances read to such an audience by the dim light of a smoky petroleum lamp, and amid the anything but sweet savours of smoked meat and salted fish. Yet this is real fame. It is the fashion with some people to undervalue the author of the *Decamerone*, to blame his style as heavy and his subjects as either frivolous or sentimental. What other prose story-teller can delight an unlettered audience of his countrymen after so many centuries? To have one's works published in sixpenny editions a hundred years after one's death is said to be the surest of all guarantees of immortality; and while we still find *Tristram Shandy* and *Tom Jones* on the railway bookstalls we shall refuse to believe the superfine critics who assert that Fielding is too coarse to be read with pleasure in the nineteenth century, and that Sterne's humour is out of date.

On a holiday the wine-room brightens, particularly if there are marriageable daughters or nieces, and the evening frequently concludes with a game of lotto, for an Italian is by nature a gambler. In such places, however, the risk is not great. A single card costs two centesimi, so that five may be bought for a penny. No one, however, is likely to indulge in such extravagance as that, unless it be some aspirant to the daughter's hand who is ignorant or careless of the old proverb which says that those who win in love are sure to lose at play; two cards, or at most four, are the rule. The person who collects the money and draws the numbers—it is never the host or hostess—does not play himself. The happy owner of the card which is first filled up receives a lira, and if anything more remains in the pool, the play is continued and the second winner receives it. It is pleasant to watch such a game in which children of seven and old men of seventy seem to take an equal interest, and to see the solemn eagerness with which withered and chubby hands alike place their white beans on the numbers that are drawn.

Twelfth Night is the great winter festival of the Florentines, though it is now celebrated almost exclusively in domestic circles. After the children have fallen asleep, the mother takes their stockings away and fills clean ones with fruit, sweetmeats, and little presents, among which two or three pieces of charcoal carefully wrapped up in paper are usually to be found. These treasures are carefully hidden in different parts of the room, and as soon as the children wake the search for the stockings begins. With some slight variations, a similar custom prevails, we believe, in Norway, though it is not observed on the same day.

In the olden times the festival was celebrated with far greater splendour and had a more public character. A female image of "Santa Epifania" was borne through the town, boys walked in the procession with long glass trumpets, while other boys and girls followed singing hymns. It was probably such processions that suggested to Luca della Robbia several of the wonderful reliefs which are now the glory of the Bargello. The colour is fading out of Italian life, as it always does before the advance of our modern civilization, and the only reminiscence of the old custom that remains is the habit of giving boys trumpets on the eve of Epiphany. They used always to be of glass; but some enterprising manufacturer has discovered that they are more durable and may be made more cheaply when metal is employed, so now the old glass trumpets are only to be found in the houses of the rich and noble. We are certainly progressing, but in what direction? That is a question to which political economy and art are apt to give different answers.

In Havana Epiphany is still celebrated with festivities of a similar character, only there a negress, bedizened to the height of her fantasy, takes the place of the sacred image, and demands gifts from the white inhabitants, which she is supposed to divide equally among her noisy followers. Does not this look something like a travesty of the old Florentine festival with its boy trumpeters and choirs of youths and maidens? Few of the educated inhabitants of Havana would be sorry if the negress saint and her

court were suppressed; and perhaps we are apt to view the old customs of Italy through spectacles too deeply coloured by the imagination of her great artists. The procession of Epiphany, at any rate, had been degraded before it was abolished. Even in Horace Walpole's time, it seems already to have lost whatever grace or dignity it may once have possessed. On January 27, 1743, he wrote to Sir Horace Mann:—"I am a little pleased, too, that Marquis Bagnesi, whom you know I always liked much, has behaved so well, and am more pleased to hear what a Belfana the Electress is." To which Lord Dover added the cruel note:—"A Belfana was a puppet, which was carried about the town on the evening of the Epiphany. The word is derived from *Epifania*. It also means an ugly woman. The Electress (Palatine Dowager, last of the House of Medici) happened to go out for the first time after an illness on the Epiphany, and said in joke to Prince Craon, that 'the Belfane all went abroad on that day.'"

Thus we descend from high processions to a crowd of riotous negroes, and from the awful yet lovely image of a saint to an ugly old woman, but still the winter sun shines brightly on the hills and palaces of Florence, and still the old statues, reliefs, and frescoes bear witness to a life that once was, or that at least their makers thought might be.

SOME NEW WISDOM OF PARLIAMENT.

IT is not often that it is possible to obtain a clear notion of the quality of a new Parliament within a few days of its assembling. Although there are no such means in the House of Commons of preventing *les nouveaux* from being "cheeky" as those which prevail at Market Rodborough, the dignity of the House has usually been able to impose, at any rate for some time, on new members. Unless they were chosen to propose or second the Address, or unless they had some very special qualifications, it was popularly supposed that they ought to be seen and not heard for, in most cases at least, one Session. We have changed so many things, that no one can feel any surprise at the change in this. In the debates on the Address, new members, or members as good as new—to adopt a pleasing colloquialism—have simply jostled one another, obliging some of the old to make rather hazardous attempts to hold their own. It might, for instance, not have occurred to Mr. Thorold Rogers to make the rather confidential communication, that under some circumstances "he might himself have been a village ruffian" (a remark which the House received with evident approbation as a very moderate and conceivable statement), if there had not been risk of eclipse. It is true that the agreeable loquacity and the freedom from *mauvaise honte* displayed by the new members have had their good side. It not being the business of members on the Government side to speak much in a debate on the Address, and Mr. Gladstone's more distinguished colleagues having taken very good care to keep their own counsel and the door of their lips, except in condemnation of Mr. Gladstone himself, a damp might have fallen upon the proceedings if it had not been for the new members. As it is, there should evidently—at least on the Radical side—be no difficulty in keeping a house or keeping up a debate. The agreeable correspondent who wrote to the *Daily News* of Thursday, and told everybody how to do it, may perhaps have been bolder with ink and pen than with his tongue. But he is not a bad sample of the New Member (Newest Style), and may agreeably preface some remarks on the achievements of his kind in actual debate.

The "New M.P." has a great grievance. He sitteth, but as one who has no seat. "He spent," he tells us, "several months in making speeches and canvassing," after which the plain man might think that he would have been exceedingly glad to abjure politics for a time, and see as little of them as the Whips would permit. But to think this would be to ignore the serious conscientiousness of the modern Radical. He has won a seat, and he means to sit—to sit desperately and regardless of the great doctrine announced by Kingsley's monk to the effect that of sitting, as of all carnal pleasure, cometh satiety at the last. But he can't sit at all except in the gallery, where, says he, with a fine touch, "I am to all attempts, intents, and purposes, as little in the House as the peers who sit in a gallery close by." Think of that—a genuine elected M.P., a Radical doubtless, made even as these peers! The experienced, however—those who have grown old in Parliamentary sin—tell the M.P. how he is to get a seat—namely (as he surely might have known before, and as is practised in other assemblies), by coming early. This the "New M.P." does not see at all. He is "a man of business, and cannot be in two places at the same time," which being so, is it impertinent to suggest that he had much better not be in the House of Commons? He does not think so; and he pooh-poohs the reluctance of even Radical old members to have the present House changed for a big octagonal theatre, with a seat for every one and every one for a seat. Don't tell the "New M.P." that "all the members rarely attend to their duties." "They ought to," says he, with virtue, no doubt, but also with some oblivion of that previous statement as to the business which keeps his indignant self away sometimes. This state of things is "a tradition of the past," says the "New M.P.," and he winds up (after a reference to universal suffrage and electoral districts, which, by the way, are not exactly the present form of the constitutional election arrangements of this country) by suggesting the absorption of the yard "which is now reserved for members' carriages." Quite so. What business have the

delegates of the working-man, *servi servorum*, with carriages? So our Gracchus, the "New M.P."

We gather from the remarks of the "New M.P." (to the effect that he has never found a seat except in the Gallery), that Parliament has not had the benefit of his spoken wisdom. For, though there are reported cases of members addressing the Speaker from that eminence, it is unusual, and has not, we think, taken place in the present Parliament. But the debates hitherto contain the utterances of not a few honourable gentlemen who are either actually new to Parliament or have re-visited it after a considerable interval, or are so little known to the public that they may be classed as new. Nearly all their utterances (we except Mr. Arch, who may be said to have had a call to speak, though certainly not to commit the absurdity commented on elsewhere) display the same amiable peculiarity which "A New M.P.'s" letter shows, and which, if we are not mistaken, is called in the vernacular teaching your grandmother. It is a curious thing that the figurative newness, the purely symbolic and relative youth of recent election to Parliament, should impart the most distinctive features and failings of actual juvenility to gentlemen who are in some cases very well stricken in years, and should freshen and intensify them in those still young. Comparatively early, for instance, in the very first debate—that of Thursday week—there rose up the great Mr. Johns, member for the Nuneaton division of Warwickshire. Parliament knows nothing about Mr. Johns; but Mr. Johns knows much about Parliament, and apparently everything else. Mr. Johns knew what a leader of Opposition ought and ought not to do. He also knows that "boycotting was emanating" (the Emancipation of Boycotting, the idea of Boycotting as an *Æon*, is worthy of Valentinus and Basilides, though there is something in Mr. Johns's speech which makes us doubt whether he ever heard of either) from the Tories. Mr. Johns further informed the House that "the landed gentry, the magistrates, and the parsons were all in full swing" in North Warwickshire, by which appalling announcement Mr. Johns apparently did not mean that his constituents have actually taken to the *lanterne* as an agent of reform, but only that the squires, &c., were active in boycotting. So Mr. Johns in a maiden speech, which we hope pleased his constituents and himself. Sir Richard Temple is, of course, in an entirely different category from Mr. Johns, and, confining himself as he did in his first speech to the annexation of Burma, would have been gladly heard by any assembly. So, again, Major Sanderson, who is not quite a new member, had the same right of speech which Mr. Arch later, and Sir Richard Temple earlier, could claim—the right of expertism—and made good that right even more satisfactorily. If any body, of whatever politics, can make as good fun and as good fight as Major Sanderson, he shall be welcome to that tribune for which persons like "A New M.P." pant, as soon and as often as he likes. But Colonel Waring, who followed Major Sanderson on the same side the next night, might perhaps have reserved his fire with some advantage; and who, oh who! can have wanted the sentiments of Mr. Handel Cossam on the cause of the revolt of the North American Colonies, and the wickedness of the Primrose League? Mr. Bartley is a London Conservative of good repute, and Mr. Mather is, we believe, a Liberal of equally good reputation in Manchester; nor did either say anything which was not eminently respectable from the speaker's point of view. But as a *première* and in the debate on the Address it really might have been better if each utterance had been unuttered. As for Mr. Hunter, the proposer of the Burmese amendment, as the obligatory compliments to him from both sides of the House contained gentle suggestions that his knowledge of his subject was not quite equal to his self-confidence in taking it up, there is no necessity to say much about him. But the granite city would appear to be provided with other representatives besides Mr. Hunter who possess the invaluable characteristic of modest assurance. Mr. Esslemont, unless public instructors lie, belongs to the drapery line, a most honourable art and mystery, against which we do not desire to say one word. But when Mr. Esslemont, with this qualification and the fact of new membership, gets up and asks "What is to be done with the tenant-farmers, the crofters, and the labourers who have the misfortune not to live under beneficent landlords?" we really cannot help thinking of a certain famous demand (also made somewhat out of his vocation by the person making it), as to "What you were to do when Russia stepped in with her tallows?" Then, a certain Mr. J. Ellis gave the House the interesting information that his ancestors and neighbours had all been robbed, which position he supported by the statement that his father had once been allowed to shoot rabbits, and afterwards had not been allowed. Also Mr. Ellis advocated "the old English system of leases for lives." We wonder what another new member, Mr. Conybeare, who seconded, though apparently without volubility, one of the amendments, thought of this? They are not so fond of leases for lives in Cornwall. But, however this may be, it is surely a little odd that Mr. J. Ellis should consider that a House of Commons cares to hear him make a maiden speech about the terms on which his ancestors held their farms within a week of the opening of Parliament?

Of course this absurd evil has a tendency to cure itself. On the same night on which the House heard about Mr. Ellis's ancestors, and was treated to Mr. Esslemont's "Land Question from the point of view of Pure and Applied Haberdashery," Sir Richard Temple, with somewhat less wisdom than might have been expected, proposed to speak on yet another question; and another new member, Mr. Kimber, "tak the flure." Whereupon the exasperated House howled them both down, and drove them in

their wrath to move its adjournment—again not a very wise thing to do. In the really important debate of Tuesday, again, the new member really distinguished himself by holding his tongue. But, on the whole, it is anything but a cheering fact that so many novices on both sides, having for the most part not the ghost of anything worth saying to say, and certainly having in all but one or two instances not the slightest antecedent claim on the attention of Parliament, should thrust themselves forward in this fashion. "What on earth," the despondent student of politics may say, "is the use of devising new Rules of Procedure if the people who are to be guided by them have neither common sense nor modesty?" One shudders at the idea of that octagon House, with a seat for every member, which "A New M.P." pictures for himself. For at present the inadequacy of accommodation in the House puts an excellent check positive on undue talkativeness. And yet in a bare week, in actually four days only, of debate we have had Mr. Ellis and Mr. Esslemont, Mr. Kimber and Mr. Mather, and a dozen more village or town Hampdens, Miltons (or, as a various reading aptly has it, Tullies), certainly inglorious, but very far from mute, bestowing their tediousness upon the House and the world. If these things are done in rectangular, limited, and thus comparatively green days, what shall be the dryness of the unlimited octagon?

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IN the Message which the President of the United States sent to Congress when the present Session began early in December, there were two references to subjects of literary interest. Mr. Cleveland drew the attention of the American legislators to the perilous condition of the great and growing collection of books in Washington known as the Library of Congress, and he also suggested the advisability of settling the question of International Copyright. The President recalled the fact that on the invitation of the Swiss Government the Envoy of the United States had attended the International Copyright Conference at Berne, although he had not been authorized to commit the Government of the United States to the results, even by signing the recommendatory protocol which was adopted. "While there may be question," said Mr. Cleveland to the members of the Congress, "as to the relative advantage of treating International Copyright 'by legislation or by specific treaty, the matured views of the Berne Conference cannot fail to aid your consideration of the subject." From this official utterance of the Administration, it is evident that the American Copyright League will find, if not an ardent advocate, at least no opponent, in the President of the United States and in his Cabinet. Such influence as the members of the Executive branch of the Government may have in the United States will be for, and not against, the Copyright movement. The American Copyright League has gone on increasing in membership and in influence; it has massed together in a single body nearly all the authors of America. Mr. James Russell Lowell has accepted the Presidency of the League. General Hawley has introduced into the Senate the simple but adequate Bill prepared by the League, and Mr. Randolph Tucker has introduced it into the House of Representatives. This Bill, which is a model of brevity, containing not a hundred words, provides "that the citizens of foreign States and countries of which the laws, treaties, or conventions confer, or shall hereafter confer, upon citizens of the United States rights of Copyright equal to those accorded to their own citizens, shall have in the United States rights of Copyright equal to those enjoyed by citizens of the United States." It is believed that it is easier to get Congress to pass a simple Bill like this than to attempt to negotiate a treaty or series of treaties with foreign countries. When this Bill becomes law, the French authors will be at once protected in the United States; for, with the most praiseworthy liberality and the most keen-sighted wisdom, France protects by her Copyright statutes the rights of all authors, *soient nationaux, soient étrangers*. It cannot be doubted that Great Britain would make haste to accord its protection to American authors throughout the British Empire whenever this Act shall be the sole condition precedent to the protection of the rights of English authors in the United States. Upon consideration it will be seen that the incorporation of Copyright to foreigners in the statute law of the United States is a far more satisfactory method of settling the question than an International Copyright Treaty could be, with its interminable preliminary discussions, its laboured reconciliation of conflicting national desires, and its limited duration. Senator Hawley's Bill has been referred to the Committee on Patents, and this Committee appointed January 28 as the date when it would hear authors and others interested in the subject. The American Copyright League intended to be fully represented at this hearing, and a number of the most distinguished of American authors promised to be present to urge the passage of the measure. Those who are in a position to know believe that the temper of Congress is favourable, and that the Bill will become law. That this Bill or some similar measure will be passed in the course of the next few months is very probable; that it will be passed sooner or later in the next few years is absolutely certain.

This may seem a strong assertion to those who remember how long the fight has been and how weary the way. But the conditions of the conflict have now changed, and the effort is now being made with more force and with greater judgment than ever

before. The relief sought from the present discreditable and demoralizing state of affairs is sought in the simplest way by a Bill which protects authors' rights only, leaving all questions of protection to be settled by the tariff. The chief opponents hitherto of International Copyright have been certain of the great American publishing houses, mostly in New York and Philadelphia. The better class of American publishers, Messrs. Scribners, Messrs. Holt, Messrs. Putnam, and not a few more, have always been in favour of an International Copyright, and have always treated English authors honestly and courteously. But some of the publishing houses which were wont to rely almost entirely on reprints of the works of English authors have bitterly opposed International Copyright, sometimes openly and violently, sometimes insidiously by a demand for limiting conditions and hampering amendments. Most of these houses are now heartily tired of the present condition of the American book-market; the state of affairs is in many ways as bad as it can be, and their old opposition to International Copyright is dying out, if it is not already dead. They would prefer a copyright treaty, the conditions of which they had themselves dictated—as perhaps many of the English publishers would also—but in default of this they will accept the Bill of the American Copyright League. Or at least, if they do not accept it frankly, they will not oppose it. Then, too, most of those who have hitherto fought all attempts to gain International Copyright are extreme Protectionists; and it is evident that there has been of late an increase in activity and numbers among the advocates of revenue reform, by which the copyright movement will gain strength, although, of course, there is in reality no connexion whatever between the two subjects. Thus the opposition to International Copyright is weaker than ever before, and the forces in favour of it are more numerous and better marshalled. There has, to a certain extent at least, been a change of the battle-ground. The chief argument in all former discussions of the question has been the need of doing justice to the foreign author in America. This remains an argument of great weight, but by the side of it is now put forward an argument perhaps more convincing, because it brings the matter home more closely. This is the argument:—by doing justice to the American author, by relieving him from an enforced competition with stolen goods, the foreign author, be he English or French or German, has his home market safe and sure—even in England, where American authors are most abundantly reprinted, it may be doubted whether their competing influence has been felt at all by any English author—but the American author, pirated in England, in France, and in Germany, has even in his own country to sell his goods in competition with the stolen wares of the authors of the rest of the world. Thus we see the American author ground between the upper and the nether millstone, and it is no wonder that he cries out. Under the present no-law it is the American author who suffers far more than the English author or the French or the German. They lose only what they might make outside of their own country; the American author loses what he ought to make in his own country. For instance, an American novel, in one volume, at four shillings or six shillings—for the Americans have never adopted the foolish three-volume system, with its prohibitive prices—an American novel at four or six shillings is sold over the counter in rivalry with a pirated English novel at fivepence or tenpence. The conditions are unequal; the American buyer must really want an American novel very much indeed if he buys it when he can get an English novel for one-fifth of the price. Since the cheap pamphlet "Libraries," devoted almost wholly to English novels, have been offered to the American reader, the earnings of the American novelist have been very seriously cut into. In fact, one may almost say that, if it were not for the magazines, the American novelist would find his occupation gone. Now, as the present state of the law not only allows the robbery of the foreigner, but also prevents the native from earning his living and getting the hire of his labour, we have here an argument which cannot be brushed aside as sentimental. International Copyright may be, as Mr. Matthew Arnold called it, a question of delicacy. The absence of International Copyright is a question of bread-and-butter to every American author by profession. And questions of bread-and-butter have a happy faculty of insisting on a consideration until they are settled.

The American author feels the pinching of this shoe; and he is trying to make the American Congress grant him relief. It is probable that the American Congress will be quicker to hear the cry of the American author than it has been to hear the cry of the English author three thousand miles away. And the American author is crying aloud from the house-top. A *Memorial of American Authors* "put at a disadvantage in their own country by the publication of foreign books without payment to the author, so that American books are undersold in the American market, to the detriment of American literature," urges "the passage by Congress of an International Copyright Law, which will protect the rights of authors, and will enable American writers to ask from foreign nations the justice we shall then no longer deny on our part"; and this memorial is now printed with the facsimile signatures of more than a hundred of the leading writers of the United States. A few weeks ago the *Publisher's Weekly*, now edited by Mr. R. R. Bowker, a persistent advocate of International Copyright, published several pages of letters from prominent authors unanimously recording themselves in favour of the reform. And in the *Century Magazine* for February—which appears just as the Senate Committee is granting a hearing to the American Copyright League—there are signed communications from more

than two score American writers, including Mr. Lowell, Mr. Aldrich, Mrs. Burnett, Mr. Cable, Dr. Eggleston, Mr. Julian Hawthorne, Mr. Howells, Professor Lounsbury, Mr. Stedman, Mr. Stockton, Mr. Whittier, Mr. Warner, and "Mark Twain." Mr. Lowell's contribution to the symposium is this trenchant quatrain:—

In vain we call old notions fudge,
And bend our conscience to our dealing;
The ten Commandments will not budge,
And stealing will continue stealing.

And Mr. George William Curtis points the same moral when he says, "Cheap books are good things, but cheapening the public conscience is a very bad thing." Professor Lounsbury also gives an indirect answer to the plea that the American people is against International Copyright because the American people wants cheap books. Professor Lounsbury declares that the literature of the English language is one of the greatest literatures of the world, abounding in works that inform and elevate, and that these are uncopyrighted and within the means of the poorest. "If these will not diffuse intelligence, we may be sure it will never be done by flooding the land with books which are sold cheap because they are stolen, which are bought and read to the exclusion of better books merely because they are cheap, and which are then thrown away because they are not worth reading twice." Mr. Stockton makes the humorous suggestion that, if those in America who oppose International Copyright "because they think it would deprive them of cheap reading-matter would agree that all of them who make anything, sell anything, or do anything for pay would make, sell, and do for the authors of their country at about one-fifth the prices they charge other people, then might American authors feel satisfied that, although literature was very cheap, still, so far as they were concerned, wheat, beef, shoes, rents, and professional services were also very cheap." One of the longest of the letters printed in the *Century* is from Mark Twain, and it is one of the soundest and shrewdest; it is marked by that keen common sense and honest mother-wit which are Mark Twain's chief characteristics:—"A great argument of our politicians is that our people get foreign books at a cheap rate. Most unfortunately for the country that is true; we do get cheap alien books—and not of one kind only. We get all kinds—and they are distributed and devoured by the nation chiefly in these proportions, an ounce of wholesome literature to an hundred tons of noxious. The ounce represents the little editions of the foreign masters in science, art, history, and philosophy required and consumed by our people; the hundred tons represent the vast editions of foreign novels consumed here—including the inundation from Zola's sewer." It is a fact that very few foreign books are reprinted in the United States in very cheap form except novels; it may perhaps be said that quite ninety per centum of the pamphlet "Libraries" are fiction. If American politicians have any belief in American ideas, they have shown it in a very peculiar manner, for the absence of International Copyright operates, in fact, as a premium on the circulation of foreign fiction in the United States; and American ideas are not to be found abundantly in English, French, and German novels. "We do get cheap books through the absence of International Copyright," concludes Mark Twain; "and any who will consider the matter thoughtfully will arrive at the conclusion that these cheap books are the costliest purchase that ever a nation made."

M. BRESSANT.

OF the brilliant artists who twenty years ago combined to make the Comédie Française illustrious, the most brilliant was unquestionably M. Bressant, the news of whose death has just reached us. In most cases it is dangerous to speak so positively; but we feel sure that no one who had ever seen that prince of actors, even at a single representation, would venture to question the justice of our award. And yet his name is not associated with any of those parts which confer immortality upon those who succeed in them. Naturally modest and retiring, and conscious of the limits which nature had imposed upon him, he was satisfied for at least half his dramatic career with the power to charm his hearers by a delightful combination of dramatic ability and personal attractions. Like our own Charles Mathews, with whom he had many points of resemblance, he was the spoilt child of an indulgent public, but, more fortunate than that excellent comedian, he belonged, during the later years of his life at least, to a Theatre where the parts which he was called upon to perform were always worthy of the pains which he bestowed upon them. Even in his own country, however, we fear that he may be soon forgotten. He was "Parisien jusqu'au bout des ongles," as the phrase goes; and his peculiar gifts were usually employed to illustrate bright, pleasant pieces of evanescent popularity rather than those which belong to the literature of the world.

Jean-Baptiste-François Bressant was born at Châlons-sur-Saône in 1815. He is said to have been a natural son of a man of rank who took no notice of him till he became famous, when the successful actor declined the patronage of one who had proved himself to be not only a brute but a snob. His mother, acting probably under the advice of well-meaning friends, sent the boy to Paris, where he obtained employment in the decent poverty and obscurity of a lawyer's office. But his natural aptitude for the stage was not

long in making itself apparent, and he attracted the attention—we do not know how—of a successful author of the day, who recommended him to the favourable notice of M. Michelot, then at the height of his reputation as an actor at the Comédie Française, and as a professor at the Conservatoire. He was only seventeen, says M. Sarcey—from whose brief biographical notice we borrow these details—and therefore too young to enter that school as a regular pupil; but he was allowed to attend the lectures of his patron. A lad of the spirit of young Bressant was not likely to submit for long to this sort of social ostracism, and before two months were over he got an engagement at the suburban theatre of Montmartre, where, curiously enough, his contemporary, M. Régnier, had made his *début* some six years previously, and, like the younger actor, without having previously submitted to any definite education for the stage. Of his progress at that early stage of his career, and of his success at Montmartre, few details have been recorded. He is said, however, to have looked his years so completely, that he could play the boy-parts which had hitherto been always entrusted to women. Before long he descended from those remote heights to the more civilized regions of the Boulevards, and made a *début*, which does not appear to have been altogether successful, at the Théâtre des Variétés. We have read of *le malheur d'être beau*, but in Bressant's case good fortune nearly always accompanied good looks; and, when he might have failed for want of a protector, a popular actress, Mlle. Jenny Colon, cast her eyes upon him, took him with her to London, and, on her return to Paris, got him a good part in a new piece, his success in which obliged the very critics who had snubbed him a few months before to change their condemnation into praise. From that time—we are speaking of events which took place at the end of 1833—the reputation of the young actor was assured, and two years afterwards he was invited to join the Comédie Française. The engagement is said to have been actually signed, when he met with one of the romantic adventures which extend largely into his career at all periods, and which sometimes impeded him, sometimes, as we have seen, advanced him, in his profession. This time the adventure had the commonplace termination of marriage; and, as the lady's father was connected with the Théâtre des Variétés, the young husband determined to stay where he was. The new dramatic school was then in the full tide of its success; and the great high-priest of romanticism, M. Alexandre Dumas, selected that theatre for the representation of one of his strangest and most powerful melodramas, *Kean: ou, Désordre et Génie*, in which Frédéric Lemaître played Kean, and Bressant the Prince of Wales. There is but little local colour in the play, but it is just possible that Bressant's visit to England a few years before may have enabled him to infuse into it what little it does possess. At any rate, this success appears to have been the greatest which he had hitherto achieved, and probably obtained for him the engagement at St. Petersburg which he soon after accepted. His absence from Paris, which domestic troubles, of no moment to us, obliged him to prolong, lasted for ten years; and would probably have been much longer had not another set of romantic circumstances brought him back to Paris as suddenly as he had quitted it. On his return in 1846 he went to the Théâtre du Gymnase, which he did not quit till his promotion to the Comédie in 1854. M. Sarcey has discovered that during those eight years he "created" forty-two new parts, to which probably a number of revivals should be added. Of most of these pieces the very names have been forgotten, but among them we may mention *Un Fils de Famille*, with which, as *The Queen's Shilling*, we have lately become acquainted. Many of them, too, were probably very flimsy affairs; but, good or bad, the gaiety and charm of *le beau Bressant* were there to delight the audience and make up for all shortcomings.

On passing to the Comédie Française, to which august temple the influence of the Minister of the Fine Arts of the day procured his admission as *sociétaire* with full profits—a prize which up to that time no artist had obtained without long preliminary efforts at the same Theatre—we can imagine that his position was for a time far from agreeable. It needed all his personal influence—for he was essentially *bon camarade*—to overcome the jealousy of his fellow-actors; and his manner as an artist had been formed on a far smaller stage. He made his *début* February 6, 1854, as Clitandre in *Les Femmes Savantes*, and as D'Anacrisis in a one-act vaudeville by Scribe, written specially for him. The latter was a success; the former—there is no use disguising the fact—a failure. But the new-comer was as hard-working as he was charming, and he resolutely set himself to study that *ancien répertoire* which formed the stock-in-trade of his new theatre. M. Sarcey affirms that in three years he had mastered the thirty or forty parts which he might be called upon to play at any moment. Such industry is of itself enough to take one's breath away; but we can add from personal recollection that he played the heroes of Molière and Beaumarchais as though he had been doing nothing else all his life. Other actors may have been as handsome, and have worn the dress of gentlemen of the reigns of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. with equal grace; but none, we venture to affirm, donned the character along with the costume in the way that M. Bressant did. No words can do justice to his style when he had become accustomed to his new surroundings. It would be as easy to describe the sunlight or the breeze as to try to set forth in language that splendid presence, that inexhaustible freshness and gaiety of demeanour, that exquisite voice, or that superb insolence. "Jamais personne ne jouera une scène d'orgie comme Bressant," said a French critic. It may be added,

with equal truth, that no other actor whom we have ever had the good fortune to see seemed to enter so completely into the spirit of the *ancien régime*, and walk gaily along the path of pleasure with an equally sublime indifference. In illustration of this remark we would cite his Bolingbroke in *Le Verre d'Eau*, his Richelieu in *Mademoiselle de Belle Isle*, and his Comte de Candale in *Un Mariage sous Louis XV.* Nor was his success confined to parts requiring mere gaiety. His Louis XIII. in *Marion Delorme* was a wonderfully life-like picture of a king oppressed by a too-powerful minister; and when he played Charles Quint in *Hernani*, one hardly knew which to admire most, the bold lover of Doña Sol or the dignified Emperor. Again, in M. Ponsard's powerful play, *Le Lion Amoureux*, he was admirable in a part quite foreign to his previous experiences—that of a self-made soldier of the Revolution, an ardent Republican, hot-headed and warm-hearted, who in true soldier fashion prefers his duty to his love. But of this class of characters by far the most attractive was Octave in *Les Caprices de Marianne* of Alfred de Musset, for it brought out a quality which few would have suspected M. Bressant to possess—the power of expressing pathos. Light and fantastic in the earlier scenes, ardent in his pretended adoration of his fair cousin, he threw all that he possessed of dramatic power into the last moments of the play, when he has to mourn over the death of his friend, and he dismisses Marianne with a line, commonplace enough in itself, but which none who heard him utter it can ever forget:—"Je ne vous aime pas, Marianne; c'était Célio qui vous aimait."

We have dwelt so long upon M. Bressant's success in characters of a past age, that we have only room left for a very brief mention of a class of pieces which he made peculiarly his own—short comedies in one act, for two, or at most three, people. These are so numerous that we can only remind our readers of one or two of them—as *Un Baiser Anonyme*; *Le Post Scriptum*; *La Pluie et le Beau Temps*; *Un Caprice*; and, last, but by no means least, the delicious *proverbe* by Alfred de Musset, *Il faut qu'une porte soit ouverte ou fermée*. These delicate creatures—by authors who are men of letters as well as dramatists—will not bear rough handling. Grace of manners, as well as grace of diction, is essential for their adequate rendering. M. Bressant's uniform success in imparting life to such airy, unsubstantial pieces, in indicating the author's meaning by a look or a gesture, constitutes, we venture to think, one of his principal claims to the foremost position we assign to him.

M. Bressant had been more than forty years on the stage when a slight attack of paralysis warned him that he could no longer act and speak with the grace of five-and-twenty, and though he struggled bravely against the insidious enemy, he was forced to take his *représentation de retraite* in 1876. It is no small praise to add that he was as charming in private life as he was in public.

ARCHBISHOP ERRINGTON AND THE LATE POPE.

PIUS IX. was universally acknowledged to be a kind-hearted man, and he displayed at the beginning of his reign liberal sympathies which at the time were probably sincere. Yet few Popes have ventured on such arbitrary or oppressive acts, as well in little matters as in great, as he not unfrequently committed. It was not simply that, for the first time in Church history, he created one new dogma on his own *ipse dixit* and forced another by mingled violence and cajolery on a too obsequious Council, ostensibly convoked for quite other ends. Mr. Cartwright has shown in his little work on *Papal Conclaves* how the cashiering of one Cardinal elect, after he had been publicly designated—Rosmini—and the attempt, only frustrated by his sudden death, to deprive another—Andrea—who had been for years a member of the Sacred College, were acts for which no precedent can be found. A still more curious episode in what may be called the secret history of the Papal hierarchy is brought to memory by the announcement of the death, at an advanced age, of Dr. Errington, Archbishop of Trebizond. The name of Errington will be sufficiently familiar to our readers in connexion with the mysterious transactions, alternately renewed and repudiated by the late Government, between the Vatican and the author of *Vaticanism*. But many of them may never have heard of a namesake and relative of the personage thus employed, who nevertheless played for a time rather a prominent part in the development of the new hierarchy established in England by Pius IX. in 1850, and to whose collapse, in a way to be noted presently, Cardinal Manning owes the position he has occupied for the last twenty years. Not that Archbishop Errington was himself a very remarkable person, though he was typical in some respects of a generation of Anglo-Roman ecclesiastics which is fast passing away. He was a man of great energy and industry, of considerable theological attainments, not without scientific tastes, and of iron will. But to the outer world the chief interest of his career lies not so much in himself personally as in the circumstances which brought him into public notice, partly no doubt through his own ethical peculiarities, but still more through the very extraordinary conduct of those with whom it was his misfortune to be officially connected, notably of Cardinal Wiseman and the late Pope.

Our readers are aware that the affairs of the Roman Catholic Church in England were administered by Vicars Apostolic, in episcopal orders and bearing the titles of Sees in *partibus infidelium*,

up to 1850. When in that year the new hierarchy was constituted, Dr. Errington, then 46 years of age, became the first Bishop of Plymouth. He had at one time been Vice-Principal of the English College in Rome, when Dr. Wiseman was its Principal, and was thus well known both to the Papal Court and to the prelate now placed with a Cardinal's hat at the head of the English hierarchy. He was a man it was impossible to know without respecting, but quite possible not to like; there was a certain hardness about him, and the *fortiter in re* was not always judiciously tempered by the *suaviter in modo*. Moreover he was a man with rigid views of his own on many points, and was not at all ready to modify or to waive them. All this however Cardinal Wiseman, who had been so closely associated with him at Rome, knew or certainly ought to have known. For some reason or other his Plymouth episcopate appears not to have proved a success; possibly his clergy, who had been accustomed to a laxer régime, may have thought him something of a martinet. At all events after four years he was in 1855 "translated to Trebizond," as the *Catholic Directory* expresses it; in other words, to use a convenient colloquialism, he was "kicked upstairs" into a higher titular dignity, without any diocese to administer. And for two years he remained the proud possessor of this sonorous title, but without a See. Then followed the curious episode which chiefly distinguishes his episcopal career, and reflects small credit on the high dignitaries responsible for it. Cardinal Wiseman, who was naturally of a rather indolent disposition and had little taste or aptitude for the drudgery of routine work, wished to have a coadjutor for his archdiocese of Westminster, and as a coadjutor bishop has the right of succession, it was necessary that he should be elected with all the formalities prescribed for filling a vacant See. The Bull of 1850 constituting the English hierarchy prescribes that for vacant Sees the names of three candidates shall be selected by the Cathedral Chapter—*dignus, dignior, dignissimus*—and submitted to the bishops of the province, who are then to forward them to Rome with any comments they may choose to make, and the Holy See chooses one of the three for the vacant See. But Cardinal Wiseman had already fixed on his man; he not only wanted to have a Coadjutor, but he wanted to have Dr. Errington, and strong pressure was brought to bear on the Westminster Chapter, of which Dr. Manning was then Provost, to elect him. They yielded, much against their will, as was currently reported at the time, the Pope signified his approval, and the Archbishop of Trebizond in *partibus* became Coadjutor of Westminster *cum jure successionis*. So far, if the procedure was a somewhat drastic one, all had been done regularly and in order. But now came the hitch. Cardinal Wiseman was a man of considerable power of rather a coarse type, in a sense perhaps of genius, but he had no more discernment of character than a baby, and he was jealously—almost childishly—intolerant of any semblance of rivalry near the throne. No one with a judgment and will of his own could long continue in intimate relations with him, who was not an adroit diplomatist and prepared on occasion to efface himself or seem to do so. Dr. Errington had a very strong will of his own, and was wholly guiltless of all diplomatic tact. The natural consequence speedily followed; he and the Cardinal fell out, not openly of course, but the divergence became an open secret. Meanwhile his Grace of Trebizond was by no means acceptable to his clergy, or at least to many of them; the ultramontanes called him Gallican, and the old-fashioned priests thought him too strict about disciplinary details which had not previously been enforced. Soon after his appointment he held a Visitation, and there were stories told of how the priest at one church he visited coolly informed him "he was not fit to be a bishop," while at another—one of the principal churches under his jurisdiction—there was a notable dispute about the font. It had no drain, which is required by the Roman rule, and the Archbishop ordered one to be made. It was objected that the stone was too hard to be bored, but the Archbishop was inflexible, and merely replied that "it must be bored." The priest addressed was an ultramontane convert, who loved him not, and he promptly rejoined:—"Very well, your Grace, we will send for Dr. —" naming a well-known dignitary of Gallican views, who was a personal friend of the Archbishop's—"and make him preach to the font, and if that does not bore it, nothing will." Scenes of this sort were duly reported to the Cardinal, who of all things hated trouble, and soon began to suspect he had found a King Stork for his Coadjutor. Dr. Errington moreover, it must be allowed, was not quite an ornamental figurehead for great metropolitan functions; it was told how, in addressing the Confirmation candidates at a fashionable church, he had pointed his finger at a seemingly inattentive listener, exclaiming: "You girl there with the bonnet, can't you answer me?" The end of it was—what all who knew anything of the two men must have foreseen from the beginning—that after a year or two the partnership was dissolved, if so secular a phrase may be permitted, and Dr. Errington ceased to act as Coadjutor. No more Visitations were held; whether or not the too solid font was "bored" either by preacher or plumber we cannot say.

But the strangest part of the matter remains to be told. Cardinal Wiseman could dispense, if he pleased, with the services of his mettlesome Coadjutor, but he could not deprive him of his rights. He had been elected "with right of succession," and if he survived the Cardinal—of which there was every probability—he was bound to succeed to the See of Westminster. This could not indeed matter greatly to his predecessor, but it mattered much to the ultramontane *clientèle*, by whom in his latter years he was com-

pletely surrounded and controlled; most of all of course it mattered to the distinguished ecclesiastic who eventually did succeed him. Dr. Errington therefore was politely urged to resign his Coadjutorship, which he not unreasonably declined to do, while no sort of fault was even alleged against him. Incompatibility of temper might be a sufficient ground for dissolving partnership in work with the Cardinal, but was no ground at all for renouncing the right of succession. So the matter was referred to Rome. Dr. Errington was strong in his acknowledged canonical status and his unquestioned innocence of any offence which could be plausibly supposed to forfeit it. But Cardinal Wiseman and his convert *entourage* had the ear of the Pope, and that Pope was Pius IX. Here again the end was not difficult to forecast. The Pope first pressed Archbishop Errington to resign his right of succession, and on his refusing to do so until some canonical offence was charged and proved against him, summarily deprived him of it; an arbitrary stretch of prerogative which roused no little indignation among all but the extreme ultramontane section of the Roman Catholic clergy in England. Thus ended the second act of the tragedy; the third was the strangest of all. Two or three years after this very uncanonical deprivation Cardinal Wiseman died, and the Chapter of Westminster was summoned to elect a successor. Their hand had been forced in the election of Dr. Errington, but by this time, and after all that had occurred in the interim, they had changed their minds, and resented naturally enough the treatment to which he had been subjected. They intimated their opinion that he had already an established right to succeed, and sent up his name as *dignissimus*, adding, for form's sake, the names of two other bishops, both of whom, when the result was transmitted to Rome, disclaimed all desire to compete with the Archbishop's superior claim. The Pope readily accepted their disclaimer, but treated the selection of a person, whom he had deprived of the right of succession, as an insult to himself, and proceeded to ignore the capitular election altogether, and appoint Dr. Manning Archbishop over the heads of all three, whose name had never been put forward at all, and would certainly not have been preferred either by the Chapter or the clergy of the diocese to Dr. Errington's. And so the third act ended. It is instructive, if not altogether satisfactory, to contrast this masterful action of the late Pope in thrusting one Archbishop out of an English See and another into it, in the teeth of his clergy, with the reluctant acquiescence of his present successor, against his own will and judgment, in the election of the diocesan clergy to the Roman Catholic primacy of Dublin. Archbishop Errington too was by birth an Irishman, but it must be remembered to his credit that he was as unlike as possible to Archbishop Walsh.

AMONG THE HANSE TOWNS.

MUCH of the former glory of the Hanse towns is departed. Hamburg is a handsome modern city, and Bremen, through its connexion with Bremerhaven, has become a great port. But the narrowness of the channel of the river Trave prevents Lübeck from keeping pace with the growing commercial importance of Germany; Brunswick, now being absorbed into Prussia, is steadily declining as Hanover increases in prosperity; and smaller places like Hildesheim and Lüneburg have lost their commercial position altogether, while—to go further afield—the once famous city of Wisby is little better than a ruin on its island site. Yet here, also, time provides its own compensations. In inverse proportion to their mercantile importance are the attractions of these old towns to the traveller and the student. Since the disastrous fires in Hamburg some forty years ago, its charms have absolutely vanished, and however agreeable as a place to reside in, as a city of the "Hansa" it is not worth visiting; Bremen offers little beyond the splendid Rathhaus to detain the traveller; but Brunswick, in spite of some local Hausmann who has recently arisen there, still teems with interest, and the same may be said of the other Hanseatic cities in Northern Germany, more especially of Lübeck, which retains a dignity scarcely matched in Europe, save, possibly, by some parts of Bruges, or ever-delightful Nuremberg.

The Danish steamers reach Lübeck early in the morning, and very fair is the view as the mist passes away of its innumerable brick spires gradually disentangling themselves from the mass of buildings as the boat follows the windings of the river. The old Customs Union which bound together the members of the Hanseatic League into one vast commercial republic is so far still in existence at the three ports that remain in their semi-independence that their own officers, and not those of the Empire, examine the baggage of arriving travellers. On leaving the quay everything reminds the traveller that he is in a city of the past. Those great square towers of red and black brick are not built nowadays; the lofty step-edged gables that front the roadways, some stuccoed over, but many happily left in their original material, have survived from an earlier age; the massive gateways that meet the eye at every entrance to the city speak of a time when Lübeck was worth despoiling and needed protection against jealous neighbours and rivals; and the huge black screen that closes in the square by the Town-hall, pierced with large circles between the supporting turrets, is delightfully incongruous in these utilitarian days when a lofty wall that serves no purpose but to be beautiful is an anachronism. Lübeck has its sights, of course, its

panellings, its quaint old pictures, the grand Memling in the cathedral, the splendid brasses and trashy clockwork in the fine Gothic church of St. Mary; but when these have been visited, put aside the recollection of them for a while, and wander about the secluded streets till the mediæval charm of the place gets a hold upon you, people these wondrous brick edifices with the merchants who erected them, dismiss for the nonce to modern Berlin or Frankfurt the "Pickelhauben" and duck-trowsers that are visible at every corner, shut your eyes to the tramways and your ears to the railway whistles, and as you stumble along over the cobbled streets, deserted by all but a handful of quiet children just freed from school, look up at the patterned brickwork, blackened and time-coloured, that surrounds you on every side, study the detail of the giant Burgthor soaring above you in diminishing lines of deeply-moulded arches, or climb the height of Chimborasso, outside the town, where the full beauty of spire and turret, tower and gateway, is revealed, and confess that the mediæval makers of Lübeck were masters of their craft, and have deserved well of architects for all ages.

A Lübeck in miniature is the pleasing little town of Lüneburg, near the left bank of the Elbe, on the line between Hamburg and Hanover. An old mill overhanging the narrow river Ilmenau, which skirts the walls, and hemmed in on either side by timber houses with lofty roofs that project far over the waterside, forms a group as picturesque as anything left in mediæval Germany; the irregular High Street, and the oblong open space called "Am Sande," closed at one end by a lofty Renaissance house in black brick that has sunk from the dignity of some merchant-prince's house to the lowly position of a corn-store, remind one greatly of Nuremberg. There are five churches, all built of brick. St. Nicholas boasts of flying buttresses unusually bold and striking for that material, and the immense height of the nave, in contrast with its very short length, is hardly diminished in effect by the presence of a double aisle. But the most pleasing and interesting thing in the town is a bit of the old Rathhaus, which has been disfigured by additions and restorations outside—some poor columns in front, a horrid cupola above (inferior, indeed, to the low cap of red tiles that forms the summit of the tower of St. Nicholas's Church)—but it retains within the stiff figures and quaint heraldic devices in gorgeous colours on ceiling and cross-beams and between its grand sixteenth-century windows of stained glass. In one hall may be seen still in excellent preservation a wealth of wood-carving in rich-coloured old oak set in panels of lighter woods, that for quaintness of conceit and delicacy of workmanship surpasses anything of the kind that Lübeck can show even in its most renowned guild-houses. The curious in such matters will not be slow to notice that one of the scenes depicted upon the walls here represents a military execution by an instrument that exactly corresponds to what is now too well known everywhere as the guillotine.

Brunswick has recently fallen into the hands of the spoilers. The old dwellings about the centre of the city are being rapidly cleared away, for the grim barrack-like edifices that contented their forefathers do not suit the taste of the modern Brunswickers, who hanker after the smart villas and broad streets where the merchants of to-day love to dwell, whether at Frankfurt or Bayswater; and even the grand houses in the narrow Alte Waage, the Reichen Strasse, or the Wenden Strasse, some of which date from the first years of the sixteenth century, have been restored, the beautiful timber structures of the late Gothic or Renaissance periods being improved at the whim of modern architects. But even in Brunswick, if we abandon the hope of admiring in their decaying grandeur the masterpieces of architecture that have remained intact, and are contented to wander about and lose our way—for the terms are synonymous—amid the maze of irregular and winding streets that surround the Altstadt market, burrowing at one time into some blind alley where the projecting roofs that all but meet above our heads prevent the sun from penetrating, and emerging later, perhaps, upon some triangular open space with a great fountain splashing in the centre and lofty gables of every shape and height frowning down as it were upon our nineteenth-century intrusion; or, again, if we totter painfully along the villainous pavement towards the lofty screen that masks the western front of St. Andrew's or St. Catherine's Church—for they are very similar in appearance—where the southern tower rises to a height that its northern companion does not attempt to rival, and scarce a traceried window or a sculptured doorway breaks the monotony of the mass of stone gable far higher than the nave or aisles behind, we shall find it easy enough to get away from modern ideas.

Next to the small but interesting collections in the grand ducal Museum the diminutive Cathedral of Brunswick demands special attention. Almost every inch of the interior is covered with mural painting, and the effect, if somewhat startling, is undeniably good; the north aisle has a row of spiral columns most curiously twisted from capital to base, which, though they revolt against all canons of columnar construction, have an attraction of their own for the puzzled visitor. A thin slab of marble resting on five massive metal pillars forms the altar, and enormous statues of mediæval potentates in sandstone, gilt and painted over, dwarf everything else in the choir, while underneath, in the crypt, which, though of considerable extent, is almost filled with the monstrous brass and iron sarcophagi where rest the remains of the ducal house of Brunswick, one tomb stands out conspicuously, being covered to this day with wreaths of fresh flowers in memory of the solitary ruler of the present century of whose

career not only Brunswick, but all Germany, has reason to be proud—Frederick William, who fell at Quatre Bras.

Hildesheim, also, has suffered seriously in recent years; but for this fire, rather than the work of men's hands, is mainly responsible. The famous "Knochenhauer-Amthaus," generally regarded as the finest erection of the kind in Germany, has been utterly ruined by the loss of its deep roof and towering gable. And, although other houses in the Altstadt-market of most diverging form and character, some with great masking screens and turrets and some with the irregular step-gable of Lübeck or the elaborately carved façades more especially characteristic of the inland Hanse towns, still remain unharmed except by the reckless hand of the restorer in certain individual details, it is probable that we must now rest content with the "Gewandhaus" at Brunswick, or else go outside the circle of the "Hansa" altogether, to the delightful "Hochzeithaus" or "Rattenfingerhaus" at Hameln, to see the domestic Renaissance architecture at its best. But fortunately Hildesheim has other attractions for visitors who are not frightened away by the miserable accommodation afforded in its ramshackle old inns, since the master-builders of the Romanesque style in mid-Europe have left here in the churches of St. Michael and St. Godehard, whose double apse is very noteworthy, about the finest specimens of their power that have survived to our times; and the cathedral boasts of so much remarkable work in bronze and stone that its roof-loft, its font, its candelabrum, its doors, and many of its relics are as well known by casts and models in London as in Hildesheim itself. Shut away on the eastern side of this venerable building is a double-storied cloister, broken up into chapels and chapter-houses above; and in the court which this surrounds there stands a tiny building dedicated to St. Anne. But the treasures and traditions of the cathedral scarcely enable the building to vie in interest with St. Michael's Church in another part of the town. Here the curious intermingling of pillars and columns in pairs, with heavily-elaborated capitals alternating among lighter and more elegant forms, the effective painted genealogies on the flattened ceiling of the nave, the two choirs at different levels at either end, cannot fail to interest the most casual student of ecclesiastical architecture; while the lover of Romanesque art will not fail to penetrate into the crypt beneath the church to visit the monument of Bishop Bernward, to whom Hildesheim, and through Hildesheim Germany, are primarily indebted for most that is curious and beautiful in its mediæval work.

It is difficult to get up enthusiasm about Bremen. Now that the Hanseatic League, from which this city was frequently expelled for contumacy in breaking the rules of the union, is dissolved, Bremen, curiously enough, remains a Hanse town, with such privileges as Germany allows it, in common with Lübeck and Hamburg, alone to retain. There are no streets here as in the other towns that we have been visiting where one can forget the present and fancy oneself among the burghers and sturdy independent merchants of an earlier day. For, if we do light upon a fine old building, like the "Gewerbehau," for instance, next door to it we shall see a modern shop; and the very handsome Exchange, like the chief edifices of Hamburg, is a thing of yesterday. If we thread our way through crowds of sailors and emigrants waiting for the American steamers to leave Bremerhaven to the Dom, we find nothing to please and little to interest us—a hideous pulpit, some ghastly mummeries in the so-called Bleikeller, which have remained for centuries free from decay to form one of the nastiest exhibitions that one can well imagine, poor modern glass, and a font of old bronze that we should have admired more had we not already been to Hildesheim. Return, however, to the market-place, and examine with careful attention the Gothic foundation and Renaissance superstructure of the immense Rathhaus, whose façade presents a mass of singularly gorgeous decoration in columns, mouldings, and statuary; enter the great hall with its hanging models of ships, and its exquisitely carved staircase, and then descend to the vaulted cellars beneath immortal in literature, and, untempted by the musty Rhine wines that have reposed two centuries or so in the monster casks you see around you, call for some oysters and a flask of Rudesheimer; and ere your supper is finished you will not improbably think that Bremen has some advantages of its own after all.

MR. COLVIN AND THE CAMBRIDGE SLADE PROFESSORSHIP.

MR. COLVIN'S resignation of his chair at Cambridge is a matter of regret, but hardly of surprise. It became, in truth, inevitable when the Slade Professor accepted the custody of the Department of Prints and Drawings at the British Museum, and its occurrence from that moment was merely a question of time. The Keeper's duties are too engrossing, his responsibilities too heavy and too serious, to permit the existence of divided aims; and it says much for Mr. Colvin's energy, and much for his faculty of hard work, that he should have carried on the labours of his double charge so long.

He has held the Slade Professorship for thirteen years (since the January of 1873, in fact), and during his tenure of office he has impressed upon the work of the Chair a very definite tendency and a very well marked direction. The place, as he has conceived it, is a place apart. The London school, in accordance with the designs of the founder, remains, under the able direction of Mr.

Legros, as under the guidance of Mr. Poynter, a centre of practical education in art. The Oxford experiment has suffered a little from divided aims and the confusion of energies—in the beginning it was in charge of Mr. Ruskin; when he had done with it, it passed into the hands of a distinguished practical painter, and was carried on by Mr. W. B. Richmond, and it is now given over to the conduct of Mr. Hubert Herkomer, an artist who is nothing if not experimental and sensational. At Cambridge, as we know, the teaching of the Slade Professorship has been characterized by a consistent unity, alike of intention and effect. Mr. Colvin's theory, which experience seems to verify, appears to have been this—that such a University as Cambridge is a place for the cultivation primarily of the mind and eye, and not—or only secondarily—of the hand; that studies and examinations in other branches of learning make it impossible to find the time necessary for the serious professional cultivation of the arts; and, consequently, that the proper function of such a Chair as that to which he was called is the steady critical teaching, with illustrations and examples, of such branches of the history of art as are either most attractive in themselves or most germane to the established studies of the place. On these principles he has proceeded from the first. The kind of teaching described is regularly provided for in Germany, where every important University has its Professor of Classical Archaeology and its Professor of General Art History; but in England it was altogether new, and for a good number of years—until provided, in fact, by the appointment in times comparatively recent of Dr. Charles Waldstein, with an able coadjutor in the former department—Mr. Colvin had to do his best to perform the duties and fulfil the needs of both these functions. How good was that best, and to what admirable purpose he has taught and wrought, is more than can here be analysed and explained. It must suffice to say that, in the field of classical archaeology, he has lectured on the Eleusinian myths in Greek art; on the myths of the Amazons and Centaurs; on the principal periods and monuments in Greek art; on the cult and the artistic representation of Athens; and on the institutions and monuments of Olympia. In the modern and mediæval fields his researches have been even more extensive, his teachings even wider and more comprehensive. Here he has lectured on the classification and mutual relation of the fine arts; on English art in the eighteenth century; on the early history of the Renaissance in Italy; on the art and monuments of Siena; on the themes and traditions of illustrative art in the middle ages; and on the pictures in the Fitzwilliam Museum; with complete courses on the life and art of certain among the greater masters—Raphael, Michelangelo, Rembrandt, Albrecht Dürer. The matter of these lectures, as his pupils know, was unimpeachable in itself, and was touched with a spirit of fine catholic, yet discriminative, criticism. What is of as great consequence, they were admirably illustrated, not only by diagrams and casts and photographs, but by series of reproductions specially prepared, which any of the class could subscribe for and carry away, and so preserve for himself, and retain for private reference, the specimens selected for study. It is small wonder if these methods proved successful, and if Mr. Colvin's classes were popular, not only among the undergraduates, but with the general Cambridge public. Of their efficiency there is an abundance of proof. One of Mr. Colvin's pupils, Mr. W. Martin Conway, whose study of Reynolds and Gainsborough we recently reviewed, has lately been appointed Professor of Fine Art at Liverpool; another is Miss Jane Harrison, an accomplished lecturer and teacher, and author of work so sound and scholarly as *The Myths of the Odyssey* and the excellent *Introductory Studies in Greek Art*; a third and fourth, Mr. Ernest Radford and Miss Julia Cartwright, are known, the one as a lecturer in connexion with the University Extension movement, the other as a writer on the art and men of the Italian Renaissance; while a fifth and sixth, Miss E. A. Gardner and Mrs. A. H. Smith, are now in charge, for the Egyptian Exploration Committee, of the excavations and researches at Naukratis.

There is some work done by Mr. Colvin for the University apart from his duties as Slade Professor which is likely to endure as long as the University itself. It was his, for instance, as Director of the Fitzwilliam Museum, to completely reorganize the excellent collection of pictures and the great collection of early prints; to make them both available for purposes of study; and to convert what had been only a kind of chaos into one of the most useful and most perfectly ordered of existing institutions. More than that (and here is his principal work), it was his, and his alone, to provide the University with the greatest of its desiderata—a proper museum of classical and general archaeology. He found the necessary funds by economizing on the income of his charge at the Fitzwilliam Museum; the building was designed and constructed under his personal supervision; he formed that collection of casts which is only second to the famous gathering at Berlin; and the undertaking, as recorded at the time, was finally completed and opened to the student in the May of 1884. It is a work by which any man might be content to be remembered; and it is only a part of what Mr. Colvin has done.

LONDON BANKING PROFITS.

DURING the past half-year the London banks shared in the general depression of trade. Of the three great banks which are purely metropolitan, the London and Westminster distributed for the second half of 1885 only 13½ per cent. against 16 per cent. for the second half of 1884; the Union of London distributed

only 10 per cent. against 12½ per cent.; and the London Joint-Stock distributed only 12 per cent. against 13½ per cent. Of the three, therefore, two distributed 2½ per cent. less than twelve months ago, and one distributed 1½ per cent. less. Of the smaller banks, the Central distributed 10 per cent. against 11, the Consolidated 9 against 10, the Alliance 6½ against 7, while the City distributed the same rate, 10 per cent., as did also the Imperial, 7 per cent., and the South-Western 6 per cent. It is to be borne in mind that, when the banks limited the liability of their shareholders, they largely increased their capital, not because of any need for fresh capital to carry on their business, but to maintain their credit under the altered constitution of the several Companies. It was foreseen that the new policy would lead to a considerable diminution in the rate of dividend. The business not requiring larger capital and not being likely to increase very rapidly, the same rate of dividend was hardly likely to be paid on the augmented capital invested. It may occur, then, to some of our readers that possibly the falling off in the rate of dividend is due rather to stagnation than to actual diminution in profits. This, however, is not the cause. The net profits of the nine banks referred to above amounted during the half-year to 526,000*l.* against 601,000*l.* in the second half of 1884, a falling off of 75,000*l.*, or about 12½ per cent. The proportionate falling off is less in the case of the London Joint-Stock. It is large in both the London and Westminster and the Union, and is considerable likewise in some of the smaller banks. The fall in prices has told adversely upon the banks in two ways. Those engaged in business require less accommodation, because a smaller capital is capable of carrying on the same amount of business as was carried on formerly. For instance, the average price of wheat during last year was lower than it had been for a century and a quarter before, and the price of cotton was lower than it had been for thirty-five years. Almost every other commodity was likewise cheaper than it had been for a long time past, and consequently there is a smaller capital needed to do a given amount of work than there was when prices were higher. The fall in prices, too, by lowering the profits of all persons engaged in business, has had a deterring effect. Manufacturers have put their workpeople upon short time, or have altogether suspended business, and merchants likewise have limited the business they do. In both ways, therefore, the need for a smaller capital in order to carry on the same business, and the diminution in business owing to the lesser profits earned, the fall in prices has led to a much smaller demand for accommodation from the banks. The result has been that the rate of discount in the London market has been lower than for a long time past. The average rate of discount in the open market for three months' bills during the past half-year was 1·64 per cent., against 2·52 per cent. in the second half of 1884, 2·85 per cent. in the second half of 1883, and as much as 3·4 per cent. in the second half of 1882. We have in these figures clear evidence of the falling off in the demand for accommodation. The value of money, to use the bankers' phrase, was nearly 1 per cent. lower than it had been in the corresponding half of the year before, and was actually less than half of what it had been in the second half of 1882.

Another point of great interest to the banks is that the difference between the open market rate and the Bank rate—the rate, that is, at which the joint-stock banks did business and that at which the Bank of England was willing to do business—was considerably greater than in the corresponding half of the year before. Now it will be in the recollection of our readers that the joint-stock banks regulate the interest they allow upon deposits by the Bank rate. When the difference between their own rate of discount and the Bank rate of discount is small, they make a larger profit upon their deposits than when that difference is large. But in the second half of last year the difference between the two rates was as much as three-quarters per cent. The old rule was that the joint-stock banks allowed upon deposits 1 per cent. less than the Bank rate of discount; and as for the whole of the half-year the difference between the outside market rate and the Bank rate averaged as much as three-quarters per cent., there would appear to have been a profit of barely a quarter per cent. upon the deposits. As a matter of fact the profit was less, because the rate of discount rose rapidly towards the end of the half-year, and the difference between the Bank rate and the open market rate was then considerably narrowed. In the early part of the half-year the joint-stock banks could have made little or no profit on the deposits on which they were paying 1 per cent. less than Bank rate. The consequence was that when the Bank raised its rate of discount the majority of the joint-stock banks refused to observe any longer the old rule. They decided to give to their depositors in future only 1½ per cent. less than Bank rate. One of the banks refused for a while to accede to this arrangement; but even it has now joined the majority. When the decision to alter the rule was first adopted, it was very generally felt that the condition of the market rendered the measure inappropriate; but, as a general rule, there can be no doubt that the joint-stock banks acted wisely. The old rule was adopted when the Bank of England had complete control of the London money market; but it has long ceased to have such control. It is now only one amongst a number of large institutions, and for the most part of every year it does extremely little in the way of discounting bills. Its rate of discount is, therefore, no real indication of the actual state of the market, and, consequently, it cannot serve as a proper regulator of the rate allowed upon

deposits. The joint-stock banks, then, are fully justified in departing from their old rule, though, as will be seen, they still regulate the rate by the Bank rate of discount. Much curiosity was felt as to the reasons which induced the London Joint-Stock Bank to dissent for a while from the action of the majority of the joint-stock banks and to adhere to the old rule of allowing 1 per cent. less than Bank rate upon deposits. From its report it would appear to have been justified. As stated above, the falling off in its rate of dividend as compared with the second half of 1884 is only 1½ per cent., while the falling off in the case of the London and Westminster and the Union of London is as much as 2½ per cent. Moreover, while the falling off in the net profits of the London and Westminster is nearly 30,000*l.*, and in those of the Union of London nearly 17,000*l.*, the falling off in those of the London Joint-Stock is only about 4,000*l.* It appears, therefore, that the London Joint-Stock was able to employ profitably the large deposits which it attracted by offering a higher rate of interest upon them than its competitors were prepared to give.

As was to be expected from the general depression, the reports of the joint-stock banks show a large increase in the deposits. When trade is but little profitable and speculation is dormant, there is a tendency to allow money to lie on deposit. People are either afraid to risk it in new enterprises, or do not see profitable investments offering, and they keep it, therefore, at their bankers'. We find, then, that of the banks named above the deposits amounted to a little over 67 millions, against 62,706,000*l.* at the end of 1884. There was thus an increase of over 4½ millions in the twelve months. Of the increase the London Joint-Stock got the larger part, nearly, in fact, 2½ millions. This was natural, since the London Joint-Stock allowed upon the deposits a larger interest for a portion of the time than any other bank. As we have said, the increase in the deposits is intelligible and according to expectation. It was not, however, anticipated that the reports of the joint-stock banks would show an increase in the loans and discounts also; yet such an increase is shown. They amounted at the end of last month to 48,153,000*l.*, whereas at the end of 1884 they were only 47,603,000*l.* There is thus an increase of 550,000*l.* in the loans and discounts. It is not easy to account for this increase in the amount of business done. As we have said, the fall in prices, both by checking trade and by lessening the amount of capital required to carry on the old business, tends to diminish the demand for both loans and discounts. It would seem then, that, in spite of the fall in prices and the universal complaints of the badness of trade, there must have been an actual increase in the amount of business in some directions. We know from many sources that the quantity of business being done is as large as it ever has been, and that the apparent decrease in our trade is a consequence of the fall of prices, not of an actual loss of business; but we were hardly prepared to find an actual increase, not only in the amount of business done, but in the demand for accommodation made upon the banks. Probably the real interpretation is to be found in the fact that there was a marked revival in speculation towards the close of the year. When the war of rates between the great trunk lines in the United States was brought to an end, there was a sudden rise in the prices of all American railroad securities, and there was an extraordinary outburst of speculation consequent thereon in New York. The speculation naturally extended to this country, and for some months the rise in American railroad securities was extremely rapid and almost universal. Such a speculation, of course, could not be carried on without much borrowing from the banks, and probably the increase shown by the reports of the London banks in their loans and discounts is really an increase in the advances made to the London Stock Exchange. If this is not the true interpretation, or if it affords only a partial interpretation of the figures before us, then it must follow that, in spite of the almost universal complaints of the badness of trade and of the undoubted fall in prices, leading to a diminution in profits, there has been an actual growth in the amount of business done by the country.

REVIEWS.

A SHORT HISTORY OF NAPOLEON I.*

SOME time since Mr. Seeley devoted three bulky octavos to the Prussian Minister Stein, a noteworthy personage, but, compared with the comets of history, only a luminary of inferior magnitude. The Professor has now filtered into a single 16mo. the *Life of Napoleon I.*, which is the most eventful career on record. The *dramatis personæ*, the crimes, the incidents of the Napoleonic tragedy—the scenery, the properties, the stage-effects—all are on a portentous scale, and of extra sensational quality. For such a subject, mere cameo size is evidently unsuitable; its proportions indicate, not a head engraved in sardonyx, but colossal sculpture in Pentelic marble. As Mr. Seeley himself argues with considerable force, the exploits of the Corsican, who was originally an obscure provincial, and was almost without a country, are so unique and unaccountable that they paralyse the

* *A Short History of Napoleon the First.* By John Robert Seeley, Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge. London: Seeley & Co. 1886.

judgment. "No one can question that he leaves far behind him the Turennes, Marlboroughs, and Fredericks; but when we bring up for comparison an Alexander, a Hannibal, a Cæsar, a Charles, we find in the single point of marvellousness Napoleon surpassing them all."

This suggests, instead of a work relatively "almost as short as the obituary notice of a newspaper," a few big volumes of the size of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, in which the present history (minus certain new developments) stands as the article Napoleon I. Mr. Seeley has relied, not on the questionable Thiers, or on the torso of the lamented Lanfrey, but on the originals, and on archival studies of his own. He is our best, indeed our sole Napoleonic expert, and his *Life of Stein* proved that mastery of the revolutionary and liberation periods is no longer the monopoly of a few German specialists. He is exact, impartial, and, above all, judicious, so that if the results of his researches had not been evaporated down to too impalpable a residuum of fact, his would have been the definite English word on Napoleon for some time to come. Not that his manner is as good as his matter. History is art as well as science, and Mr. Seeley wants the faculty of story-telling possessed by Thucydides, Gibbon, and Carlyle. The scene on the beach in the edition of Coreysa, the agitation of Mahomet during the assault of Constantinople, the stand of old Bouillé against the mutiny of Metz—pictures like these are not to be conveyed by the epicene form of narrative, half-description, half-reflection, into which the learned Professor too often slides. From the contortions and "instrumentation" of the new Victorian style Mr. Seeley is altogether free, but his diction leaves a certain sense of "peculiar metre," partly from his too frequent use of what grammarians call the historic present.

Napoleon's dying words were "Tête de l'armée," and they will probably turn out to have been prophetic of his final place in history. The possessor of a passable veneer of knowledge of the Napoleonic age would easily name about fifty battles won or lost by the Corsican, many of which will probably be remembered by the remotest generations of mankind, like Marathon and Philippi, even if some new Omar realizes the calamity on a respectable caliph, and burns all our books. It would of course be absurd to describe Napoleon as nothing if not military; still, "le petit caporal," not the new Constantine and Justinian, is the personage about whom we all want to hear. "Thinkers" may scorn such low topics; but we suspect that when Prince Bismarck, or Mr. Gladstone, or Lord Salisbury take down their Thiers or Lanfrey, they frivolously look up the murder of the Duc d'Enghien, or the ride over the field of Austerlitz, or the flight from Smorgoni in the sledge, rather than the Concordat, the Codes, the arrondissements, the Legion of Honour, or the Bank of France. As to Mr. Seeley, his sympathy is less with the fighting aspect of his subject than with evolutions and environments, with politics and diplomacy, to which, as he devotes so much room, the "Short Life" necessarily "dismisses more than one great campaign with a sentence," "more than one famous battle with a line"; he tells the reader that the battles are "not only not described, but not even narrated," in fact "merely registered." However, in practice his military paragraphs are not quite so concise as Livy's formula, "This year there was war with the Hernicans." He contrives to convey a very fair idea of the general lines of the attack and defence—e.g. in the account of the Italian campaign of 1796—although, if old Wurmser could read the description of his advance from Innsbruck down the Lago di Garda to relieve Mantua, he would say, with Rossini, "Non conosco più mia musica," on account of the suppression of the defeat of Quasdanovitch at Lonato. Not so much for want of room, as from want of touch with the strategical essentials of the case, our author appears to miss the sense of the remarkable opening of the Austrian War of Aspern and Wagram in 1809. A very few words would have sufficed to explain how Berthier, who was in provisional command on the Upper Danube, having strewed the French army about in a perilous manner, like Marshal le Boeuf in 1870, Napoleon suddenly appeared, and, rectifying with marvellous skill, by a kind of retrograde advance, all his lieutenant's blunders, manoeuvred and beat the Austrians over the Danube, thus clearing the road to Vienna. On the crowning mercy of Waterloo the author gives more than a short docket. It is very queer to call an army that felt Wellington's left at Nivelles "Prussian troops in the Rhenish province"; and a few vapoury phrases like "Napoleon's opening was prosperous" seriously understate the astonishing concentration of the ten French corps which arrived at Charleroi from different parts of France on the prescribed 14th of June, almost at the specified hour. When the Duke was asked if he was surprised at Waterloo, he replied, "No; but I am now." Mr. Seeley, of course, has not fallen into that exploded nonsense; but, as regards Blücher's intervention in the battle, he has failed to seize what Mephistopheles (not Mr. Wills's devil, but Goethe's) calls "des Pudels Kern." Mr. Seeley says:—"In the middle of the third act of this drama" (the great French cavalry attack) "the Prussians began to take part in the action." This is not the poodle's nucleus. The real point is, that early in the action Napoleon's attention was drawn to appearances of dust, or similar suspicious symptoms, over the wood of Soignies, which he at once declared to indicate the advent of the Prussians. Whereupon, detaching the corps of Loban, with some of the Young Guard and cavalry, he placed them *en potence* on his right wing to check the enemy's advance. The subtraction of strength thus suffered by the French effective was very serious; so that if the force thus held

down all day at Planchenoit could have reinforced one of Napoleon's attacks on the British line, Waterloo might have chanced not to be an Anglo-Prussian victory. We cannot help thinking that if these essential notions had been clearly present to Mr. Seeley, he would have brought them out in his narrative.

As in the military, so in the political order of ideas. A Napoleonic primer "almost as brief as a catalogue" may be useful for "recuperation"; but in history, as in botany, chemistry, or anatomy, there are no short cuts to real knowledge. Mr. Seeley may see a danger to the student in "the bewilderment caused by a multitude of facts and figures"; but, if definite conceptions are to be formed and, what is more, retained in the memory, there is nothing like the good old method of the longest way round. This applies especially to Napoleon I., in many chapters of whose history the full particulars are everything and the generalities nothing. In cases, for instance, like the murder of the Duc d'Enghien, the suicide to order of Pichegru, and the conviction of Moreau, outlines in 16mo. abbreviation may convey a certain dim impression of treachery, cruelty, and crime. But, if we wish to attain a distinct picture of the man who posed at St. Helena as the apostle of freedom and good government, we must submit to "bewilderment" by minute study of the perfidious devices by which the victims were trapped and brought to their doom, of the enormous mockeries of justice in the so-called trials, the infliction of torture on the witnesses, the intimidation of the judges, and the other characteristics of those black transactions. The same is true for the whole series of Napoleon's atrocities against States and persons—witness, as samples, the extinction of Venice, the plot of the Escorial, the crimes and outrages against Toussaint l'Ouverture, Hofer, Palom, Palafox, Pius VII., Queen Louisa of Prussia, and "le nommé Stein." After due "bewilderment" on such points, the perception is attained that Napoleon was, in fact, a contemporary of Cæsar Borgia, or, to take a parallel from our own history which fits far better, a modern Richard III., although, if allowance be made for the different moral maxims prevailing in different centuries, we ought perhaps to beg pardon of Crookback for the comparison. Studying Napoleon, not in catalogue or register, but in detail, we shall see that as "Artful Dodger" his performances were of a more finished class than those of Crookback. The murderous Machiavel would say that the Napoleonic plots and inductions dangerous against Spain and Venice were of a quality to set both himself and Crookback to school. In the instances cited, as in many others, the Napoleonic method is not intelligible except by the help of minute comparative anatomy. Lanfrey has pointed out that both in war and politics Napoleon followed certain principles which can always be traced. The resources of the most contriving mind are not inexhaustible, and, although Napoleon's repertoire was extensive enough, he had to repeat his dodges at intervals. This is exemplified by the get-up of the destruction of the independence of Venice, and of the schemes and snares which led to the execution of the plot of the Escorial, "the Ambuscade of Bayonne," and the rest of the burglarious proceedings against Spain. Of the same kind were his system of grossly insulting and browbeating in public the representatives of foreign Powers, and his trick, when some grand coup was in preparation, of starting off on a pretended errand, or ostensibly keeping out of the way so as to divert attention from his real object. Such particulars must be studied and compared in detail. Without a full knowledge of them, there can be no real acquaintance with the French Jupiter-Scapin.

The Olympian elements in policy and character may be made apparent, to a certain extent, even in "a table of contents," and the *Short History of Napoleon the First* has achieved in this respect as much as the restrictions of space allow. Mr. Seeley's strong point is his presentation of ideas; his text abounds with them, and he has now thrown in a set of special essays or prelections on "Napoleon's Place in History," in which those who like can get up the "causes" apart from the facts. The first preachment contends that the "marvellousness" of this extraordinary personage turns out, when properly examined, not to be marvellous at all. When the downfall of an ancient government is accompanied by the growth of a great army, power "almost invariably" falls into the hand of a clique of officers who, in their turn, are mastered by a "fortunate adventurer" who makes himself a despotic monarch. Mr. Seeley is too philosophical to fall into the vulgar error of exalting isolated sequences to the dignity of "Laws"; but he speaks of the invariability of this process on the strength of its having occurred three times in all, observing that if Napoleon had not turned up, as he did, in the latter days of the Directory, to take advantage of the military ascendancy originated by the *coup d'état* of Fructidor, there would still have been a Brumaire and an eventual monarchical evolution. The artist would have been Bernadotte, or Moreau, or some other adventurer, who would probably have had a successful reign which would not have entailed on France the ruin into which she was finally dragged by Bonaparte. The usurper "is borne along by a mighty tide . . . his career is only unprecedented because an unprecedented convulsion had introduced it." On the Napoleonic conquests Mr. Seeley makes an observation which, if true, cannot be too often repeated. "Whereas other great generals have exhibited what great things can be done by small means, the career of Bonaparte after the beginning of his reign shows, on the other hand, the utmost extent of the performance possible to genius provided with unlimited means and facilities." Evidently the resources at the disposal of Hannibal, Frederick the Great, Washington, were miserably insufficient for their ends. Our

William III. and Marlborough were, as Mr. Seeley justly observes, thwarted and bullied in their policy and operations by powerful parties at home. He might have added that the Duke of Wellington in Spain was grossly neglected by the apparatus which we here call a Government, and literally held up to scorn by the Opposition as an ass. These men "supplied all deficiencies from their resources of their own genius," while Bonaparte had such boundless means, and wielded them with such an unshackled control, as never before were within the grasp of a modern ruler. Another point put by Mr. Seeley is that Bonaparte's seeming invincibility in war is an illusion; for in all the catalogue of vanquished generals, from Xerxes to his own unfortunate nephew, there is not one who fell to the unspeakable depths of overthrow and ruin reached by Bonaparte in his final Russian, German, French, and Belgian campaigns.

Another preachment investigates the question whether the usurper formed a separate human species or creation with an individuality independent of his antecedents and environments, or was shaped by the determinism of circumstances. Mr. Seeley maintains that the lawlessness which is so striking in Napoleon is only the culmination of the international immorality of Europe, and that his crimes had their equivalents in the partitions of Poland and other eighteenth-century irregularities. He was not the inventor of invasion, of territorial robbery and spoliation; Catherine, Frederick, and Joseph had set the example of that. Napoleon's public morals only have an uglier look than theirs, because while their breaches of honesty and humanity were merely parenthetical, "his whole career consists of a long series of such crimes." But, as it appears to us, this arithmetical consideration suffices to upset Mr. Seeley's argument. The law allows a dog to have "his first bite," and a tyrant's first or second offence may be treated as the result of fidelity to tradition, or as an emanation from his *milieu*; but when his official life is one train of enormities of almost supernatural calibre, mankind will justly hold, although Mr. Seeley may dissent, that he is "a kind of incarnation of evil, a Satan such as Milton describes, solitary in the universe."

Talleyrand said it was a pity that so great a man as Napoleon should have such bad manners. And Macaulay remarked, comparing him with Cæsar, that, after all, Cæsar was such a perfect gentleman. On this matter the "Short History" is silent. The "causes" are allowed their swing, so that all individual and domestic portraiture had to be omitted, although we read that "biography commonly depends for its vividness" on these details. But in the case of Napoleon, above all the sons of Adam, the official and the private personality are inseparable. Much that seems, at first sight, utterly unaccountable in his career is intelligible enough if we notice that the possessor of the most commanding of modern intellects was permeated by a strong vein of what, in an ordinary mortal, would be called pure blackguardism. He was frequently guilty of behaviour which in the head of a highly civilized European State, whose year of birth was that of the Duke of Wellington and Alexander von Humboldt, has altogether a fabulous sound. The affair of the *détenus*; the transactions relative to the Queen of Prussia; the terms of his proscription of "le nommé Stein"; the banishment of Mme. de Staël, Mme. de Chevreuse, Mme. Récamier, and the other women of whose beauty or wit he was jealous—these and a dozen other traits, otherwise so mythical, fit easily enough into the Napoleon of whom the *Memoirs* preserve so many instructive traits. When we find that his behaviour and language to the ambassadors of foreign Powers were often that of a hackney-coachman (to use Lord Whitworth's description); that when balls in domino were given at the Tuileries the master of the house would wrench off the masks of his guests in order to learn their names; that he would retail to the persons involved secrets affecting the honour of families learned by him from the police; that he would slap people in the face, pinch their ears till the blood ran, and sit upon their laps—when we make a note of all this, we discern the key to many mysteries; namely, the fact that Napoleon, Emperor of the French, amidst all his glory, genius, eloquence, and fascination, never put off the utter Corsican cad Nabulione. The manners of Ajaccio appear, too, in some of the great man's amatory episodes. Mr. Seeley has once casually alluded to this side of Bonaparte's individuality, but only because a military incident connected with one of his flirtations illustrates his cynical insensibility when young with respect to human life. Of Mlle. Mars, "the Queen of the East" in Egypt, the Countess Walewska, and other transient objects of his fancy, Mr. Seeley gives no hint, and his reader might suppose that the First Consul and the Emperor had the morals of an archbishop. Still less is a syllable breathed on a darker subject which constitutes an historic tie between Napoleon and Caligula. The suspicions that saw in Hortense Beauharnais and Pauline Borghese the representatives of Drusilla cannot be dismissed offhand, from the mere repugnance which it inspires, as altogether unworthy of credit.

Mr. Seeley remarks in conclusion that, whatever may be said of the "crimes" (the substantive strikes us as hyperbolic) of Frederick the Great, "his monument is modern Germany," which is, on the whole, "just such a structure as Frederick would have desired to see, as he intended to found." And our author's last words are:—

For Napoleon, too, it may be said that modern France, in its internal constitution, is his monument. Its institutions are in the main the work of his reign. But this is the monument of that earlier age. Napoleon was the child of his age.

The Napoleon who was *himself*, who executed his iron plans with almost

unlimited power, has no monument. All that he built, at such a cost of blood and tears, was swept away before he himself ended his short life.

The fatal defects of some of the Napoleonic institutions are well known. Their extravagant centralization in the spheres of public instruction and provincial government gave full scope for arbitrary official control. In many points "France was sacrificed to Napoleon's personal interest"; his legislative instructions bear the stamp of his sagacity and greatness, but they were built for servitude, not for freedom. And here again, as Mr. Seeley shows in the body of his book, success was comparatively easy to achieve. For the first time in history there appeared a great nation which had made a *tabula rasa* of the entire basis of civil society, sweeping away religion, education, rank, manners, with great part of the fabric of government. Never before was such an opportunity offered to the social legislator; the work which Napoleon effected might have been done with equal, perhaps with more, success by a meaner hand.

The supply of new facts to our knowledge of the Napoleonic epoch seems to be inexhaustible; but, after the endless thrashings which the materials have undergone, even so original a writer as Mr. Seeley can scarcely hope to say anything new on the philosophy of the subject. The passages just quoted are an apparent expansion of what Lanfrey says on the question of Napoleon's relation to the spirit of his age:—"The only part of his work which has survived him is precisely that which he borrowed from the genius of his time. The rest is purely phenomena." Lanfrey's statement of Napoleon's plan of arming the Continent against England is also in Seeley, who, like his French predecessor, qualifies the Emperor as "King of Kings." Such coincidences are calculated to make the later writer cry—

Pereant qui nostra ante nos dixerint.

SEVEN STORIES.*

THE author of *Pixies and Nixies* makes an apology in weak verse for prose almost throughout good to read. The songs, indeed, which are abundant, would be better away. They are introduced as improbable improvisations, but they have all the air of the *disjecta membra* of some volume of verse once projected and advisedly abandoned. Of the people who improvise we gather random facts, all of which, except their verses, are uncommonly pleasant; but we never get quite clear as to the *personnel* of the family. Stray babies by no means vague in their characteristics, but casually introduced by the author, appear to the last and at arbitrary intervals. We get a sense—and positively an exhilarating sense!—of numbers, of youth, of the active charities of elder sisters, of gay fatigue, of family over-work, and tired sweet temper. Miss E. M. Shaw's manner of presenting this household—apparently that of a country clergyman, but this also is rather vague—is removed equally from the sickness of Christmas literature as it was and from the quaintness of Christmas literature as it is; quaintness, as developed among us of late, being perhaps of the two the most tyrannous habit. Children, dogs, and dolls are odd and gay and unexpected enough without the emphasis of an author's insistence upon their quaintness. And Miss Shaw has the art of seizing upon something of the favour of childish life without importing into it deliberate inanities. She relates events which she has probably seen rather than invented, among them being the incident of the child, Lady Shrimp, who swallows (and retains) not only a large quantity of house-paint, but the three several and various irritants administered by the desperate family and its physician. The little girl's bloom and loveliness, her obstinacy and her serenity, are charmingly presented; and the doctor and the "padrone" talk more like men than is usual in more ambitious woman's work than this. There is in the latter character a certain joyous young fatherliness which might have been deceptive as to the author's sex, in spite of the feminine detail and of the feminine as well as unpractised construction of sentences. Such incoherences and inconsequences there are; but they detract nothing from the pleasantness of the matter and little from the energy of the manner. The printer, by the way, has not treated Miss Shaw well. The young fatherliness, however, is no more genuinely masculine than the weariness of the "padrone" is genuinely feminine. She sighs (we are aware of at least eight children, uncertain of nickname, but very decisive of disposition) for a pause in life, when "one could have a long, long sleep, and then get a little painting done, and then begin to think one's little thoughts." Among the eight, we may mention, is a Jack, who has for his own appropriate phrase, "But how do you know it is?" Perhaps we should except from our condemnation

* *Pixies and Nixies*. By Edith Mary Shaw. London Literary Society. *Master Thaddeus; or, the Last Foray in Lithuania*. By Adam Mickiewicz. Translated by Maude Ashurst Biggs. 2 vols. London: Tribner & Co.

With the King at Oxford: a Tale of the Great Rebellion. By the Rev. Alfred J. Church, M.A. London: Seeley & Co.

Judged by Appearances. By Eleanor Lloyd. London Literary Society.

The Chimes at Erfurt. Translated from the German, by Beatrice Tomasson and Cécile Wüstenburg. London Literary Society.

Sunshine and Sea. By a Country Doctor. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

The New Democracy: a Fragment of Caucasian History. London: Sampson Low & Co.

of the verses a rather gay song about a High School, which begins:—

Oh! my brains,
Oh! your brains,
And the brains of us all, dear me!

The author is rather diffident of criticism; but one of her Pixies defines a critical person as one who "will not put up with bad work and stupid talking," and she has put neither bad work nor stupid talking (at least in prose) into her little book.

The translator of *Master Thaddeus*, Miss Ashurst Biggs, is clearly justified in accusing her countrymen of neglecting the Slavonic poets. The Slavonic poets have been neglected, and will probably continue to be neglected unless a more translatable singer than Adam Mickiewicz shall find a more lyrical—though he will hardly light on a more intelligent—translator than Miss Biggs. Some Western readers are unconscious not only of Mickiewicz's work, but of his very reputation. A tablet on the walls of a house in Rome commemorates his residence there; but the Romans, with other Italians, have had many little surprises in the form of tablets celebrating the great people they have entertained altogether unawares, and in this case a good deal of explanation was found necessary. Mickiewicz was persistently national in his subjects, and this, his principal work, has the interest of manners remote and characteristic enough—those of provincial Poland at the beginning of the century. But it would be shorter, and—we are aware of a certain ingratitude in saying so—quite as pleasant to read of these in candid and direct ethnological description. For *Master Thaddeus*—a long metrical narrative of a feud and "foray" between two Lithuanian families—has, as here presented, no poetical charm, and the persons are hardly such as draw us willingly to follow their fortunes. Such attractive movement as there may be in the rhymed original is lost here; the conscientious translation goes plodding and pounding after the text so emphatically that we get a false idea of the poet's gravity; and when we find one heroine in curl-papers and another suddenly sitting on an ant-hill, the unexpectedness gives us a shock which playfulness is not intended to produce. But Miss Biggs has accomplished her task with a quite affectionate care, if with neither "touch" nor "go," and her Slavonic knowledge is so thorough and so rare as to deserve a more cheerful kind of success than she has achieved. That she has only an elementary idea of blank verse is perhaps a detail.

Books written in antique style, to simulate a work of the period they treat of, are, like costume pictures, of a certain value at the time of their writing, but assuredly doomed to a future of worthlessness. Another generation cannot be supposed to take much interest in our reproductions of the past, which it will make the subject of books and pictures of its own. Professor Church will therefore be content, no doubt, with a short career for a work which is the result of long and special scholarship. *With the King at Oxford* is the narrative of one of the episodes in the Civil War, purporting to be written by a young Royalist who takes part in the Battle of Naseby, and subsequently takes orders in the much harassed Church of England. All that concerns events at Oxford is told with a detail and realization well kept up, and the story is completed by a more sketchy treatment of the beginning and end of "the great rebellion." Professor Church seems to have begun with considerable enjoyment of his task, and in some of his pages the pithy simplicity of the old style is uncommonly well caught; but the amusement appears to have flagged somewhat, and the scene of the "purging" by Colonel Pride lacks even such spirit as may quicken a slight and hasty narrative. The author's best passages are ecclesiastical and local. His story is illustrated with curious drawings contemporary with his personages.

The same historical feat has been attempted by Miss Eleanor Lloyd, who makes her heroine tell a story of the same times. *Judged by Appearances*, however, is not so successful an exercise as *With the King at Oxford*. The dialogue lapses into modern ways now and then in matters more important than mere turns of phrase. The principal figure in the story is that of a Puritan aunt, to whom the author has devoted considerable pains. And the book is solid and substantial, fit for the large capacity of such young readers as will consent to be compensated for a good deal of seventeenth-century divinity by plenty of story.

More intensely theological is the motive of *The Chimes of Erfurt*, a story which opens early in the sixteenth century and in the inn-parlour of tradition. With polemics is mingled the mild interest of contemporary chit-chat on Raphael and the progress of art. The authors in this case have been content with telling their story retrospectively, as used to be the manner of historical fiction. The novel of the past which purports to be told by the characters is a development of modern talent which we hardly wish to see become more general. The fashion has been much encouraged during the last five years or so—obviously by the success of one conspicuous story of the kind.

A kind-hearted reader will put down *Sunshine and Sea* with an unbidden hope that the country doctor (whose story is apparently historical) did enjoy himself in spite of all he says about it. He was taken for a pleasant yachting tour to the Channel Islands and the coast of Brittany, by a lady who appears in his narrative as the Mater; and he made jokes all the way there and back, even in the night and very early in the morning. One of these jests is to call some Guernsey lilies bought of a flower-girl *spolia opima*; another is to speak of some Breton labourers as being in a condition of "undue alcoholic stimulation"; another to translate the description of a dish at dinner as

"kidneys jumped to mushrooms"; another lies in an allusion to "that useful article known to gentlemen in the undertaking interest as a shillibeer"; another lurks in the phrase "prompt action of the character familiar to the late lamented Mr. Sayers." But every page abounds in the like. Nevertheless, the trip was uncommonly pleasant and fortunate. The yachting party found Guernsey and Jersey true "summer isles of Eden" in all the animation of the new potato harvest; they were entertained at ideal garden parties and driven round the prettily differentiated bays. A journey of this kind, when turned into literature, depends almost entirely upon the style of narrating. But when the country doctor gets to Brittany he has more matter. The scene at the Morlaix lock, when the English yacht flutters the market boats on the Breton river, is spiritedly given, with energetic but not violent emphasis. All that the yachting party saw was gay, except the ossuaries of St. Pol de Léon, which check the author's sprightliness for a short half-page. *Sunshine and Sea* is illustrated, somewhat unequally, by some pretty views of the towns and drawings of the familiar Breton figures—the long-haired men and the women at the perennial *lessee*.

There will never be an end to the criticisms of English affairs under the form of fictitious voyages of discovery. That form has many advantages. It enables ordinary comments to be made with a point which scarcely belongs to them. A protest against the democratic tendencies of the day, which would be perfectly flat and dreary if made literally, takes a certain effectiveness when it is turned against the Radicalism of a population underground or inhabiting balloons, or settled in an island "back of the world." A Prime Minister can be stirred up or derided, or in many ways made an example of in the person of the Premier of the imaginary country. And all these severities assume a weight from the disguise. Small personalities, too, which would be nothing if employed in the direct sense, become amusing when they are clues to identities or counterparts. There is not much sprightliness in a remark on the sallience of an English statesman's nose, for instance; but if by an allusion to the nose the reader is enabled to identify the statesman with a character in the author's island, an interest is at once set up, and considerable cleverness seems to be implied in both writer and reader. These satires will, therefore, continue to be practised. In *The New Democracy* the machinery is simple enough. The voyager is shipwrecked, and drifts to the shores of Caucasia, where the Radical programme has been effectually carried out, with political and social results very well described. A queen in waxwork has occupied the throne for a hundred and fifty years, and under her mild rule a Revolutionist, who wears an exotic flower in his buttonhole, brings the country to frightful straits. Political offices are awarded by a lottery worked by the statesman in question, and the tyranny of the sham democracy keeps society under terror. In other ways Caucasia is made a warning to England, according to the simple cunning of the fabulist. A great Caucasian actor raises immense controversy by saying "Is it mine?" instead of "It is mine," when he meditates over a button picked up from the floor. A little boy is sentenced in the Caucasian courts to three weeks' hard labour for obstructing the thoroughfare with his hoop, and a poor man who has boiled his wife is ordered to enter into his recognizances not to do it again. A sage has devoted himself so industriously to developing the mental powers of carnivorous climbing plants that they have become capable of distinguishing his step and voice. And so on. The sequel—*The Last Days of Caucasia*—shows the fatal end of the Revolution. Democracy seems to call down the vengeance of Heaven, for the island is burnt to ashes and sinks under the sea.

TWELVE BOOKS OF DIVINITY.*

MR. LLEWELYN DAVIES is a divine with whom we are not always able to agree, but he deserves great credit for his manly protest the other day against the criminal folly of a pseudo-philanthropic craze which a large section of the religious world

* *Social Questions from the Point of View of Christian Theology.* By the Rev. Llewelyn Davies, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co.

Discourse on the Shedding of Blood and the Laws of War. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

The Atonement viewed in the Light of Certain Modern Difficulties. Being the Hulsean Lectures for 1883, 1884. By the Rev. J. G. Lias, M.A. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, & Co.

Dogmatism, the Conscience, and Agnosticism. An Argument for Faith and Christian Belief. By G. H. Riches, LL.D., F.R.S. London: Samuel Bagster & Sons.

Certain Smaller Treatises of Saint Augustine. Edited by Rev. H. E. De Romestin, M.A. Oxford and London: Parker & Co.

A Commentary on the Shorter Catechism. By Rev. A. Whyte, D.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

Short Studies in the Church Catechism. By Rev. E. J. Gregory, M.A. London: Rivingtons.

A Philosophical Catechism for Beginners. By St. George Mivart, Ph.D., M.D., F.R.S., &c. London: Burns & Oates.

The Path of the Just, and other Sermons. By Rev. R. H. Parr, M.A. London: Rivingtons.

Under the King's Banner: Stories of the Soldiers of Christ in all Ages. By C. A. Jones. London: Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co.

Prayers for Public Worship. By the late John Service, D.D. London: Macmillan & Co.

The Talmud of Jerusalem. Translated for the First Time. By Dr. Joseph Schwab. Vol. I.—Berakhoth. London: Williams & Norgate.

of all communions, in scriptural phrase, "went wondering after." In the present volume he treats—as is usual with the Broad Church school—not of religious questions directly, but of *Social Questions*, considered however in relation to theology. He takes for his starting-point a statement of Mr. Huxley's that "under its theological aspect morality is obedience to the will of God"—which for Christians must mean the God who revealed Himself in Christ—and observes on it justly enough that, when the Agnostic philosophers of the day are asked for a rationale of duty and morality, they betray their weakness just where Christian theology is strongest; they can find no scientific basis for duty or explanation of conscience, and go on talking about "ought" without being able to explain what they mean by the term. The author accordingly sets himself in his two first lectures to show that there is no adequate basis of evolutionary or independent morality without the recognition of a Deity. Mr. Spencer's view for instance that the course of nature must necessarily evolve universal happiness, or what Carlyle called "paradise for all and sundry," would foster ease rather than exertion, and he himself quite consistently maintains that "the sense of duty or moral obligation is *transitory*, and will diminish as fast as moralization increases." In other words, nature puts egoism before "altruism," and the latter becomes merely "a sympathetic gratification which costs the receiver nothing, but is a great addition to his egoistic gratification." That, even if we grant the very problematical optimist hypothesis, is not for any but meaner spirits an altogether satisfactory millennium to look forward to. It is certainly very different from the Christian ideal of love as the fulfilling of the law, which means that "every nearer approach to Christ implies growth in love of the brethren." Renan indeed declares that self-sacrifice is as natural to man as selfishness, and therefore he will always have a religion, but most people are likely to agree with Mr. Davies that, "if men are bidden to sacrifice themselves, it is natural they should ask why, to whom, to what?" And if no answer is forthcoming, they are not likely to be greatly influenced by the assurance that self-sacrifice is noble and very sweet. The law of evolution neither commands, exhorts, nor constrains, and man needs the sense of a Power above him to be sustained at his highest.

In discussing the vexed question of the relation of the clergy to politics, Mr. Davies shows himself more successful in laying down broad principles than in their detailed application. Certainly it is true that preachers as a rule should be content to insist on principles and motives and refrain from criticizing the particular action of the Government or the Opposition of the day, and it is also true that "there are manifest limits to this reticence." How far it is right to say that in drawing the line the clergy are not to make the cause of the Church or of religion the supreme object of their devotion, depends very much on the sense in which the words are used. But the real difficulty is in the application of such rules. Mr. Davies devotes several discourses to certain burning questions of modern politics, such as war, oaths, property, and the like, and the chief interest of the volume for most readers will be found in his manner of handling them. In the treatment of war, where he has the advantage of a hero-saint for his central figure in the person of General Gordon, admirable alike "as a Christian and as a soldier," he is at his best, and makes mincemeat of the current fallacies of the Peace Society and the Quakers. "For every man in our army, whatever his work or creed, the example of Gordon bridges over the space between the fighting man's business and the following of Christ." And we quite agree with the writer that the lawfulness and in many cases expediency or necessity of war should be openly asserted. He is only repeating what Dr. Newman laid down in connexion with the obligation of truthfulness, in the *Apologia*, when he insists that "nothing is so demoralizing as to hold that things are wrong, but that we have to do them," for it can never be necessary to do what is wrong. Nor have we any fault to find with the discourse on oaths, which puts the point at issue in a clear and concise form. The Scriptural prohibition of swearing is evidently directed against taking the name of God in vain, and would therefore condemn the needless multiplication of formal oaths, as being sure to lead to irreverence, but it certainly does not condemn the tendering or taking of an oath on a solemn occasion, any more than it condemns, what is virtually the same thing, the solemn affirmation which Quakers are allowed to substitute for it, for that simply means "to swear without audibly pronouncing the name of God." But Mr. Davies is very far from being at his best in dealing with the rights of women question, and he is conspicuously at his worst—shallow, sophistical, and self-complacent—in his treatment of our old but not valued friend, the Deceased Wife's Sister.

As regards this last question, Mr. Davies's statement of facts is curiously one-sided and inaccurate. Thus he begins by telling us that "dispensation for special reasons has not been infrequent." But he omits to add that the first was granted by that model Pontiff Alexander VI. in 1500, and that the second, granted to Henry VIII., which raised such a storm, was really not a case in point, as the whole argument for it was that the marriage of Arthur to Catherine was a purely formal one. When again he says that "the consciousness of Christendom has always seen a great difference between affinity and kindred," it would have been only candid to add that at all events the canon law of Christendom has never recognized any shadow of distinction between the two; and as to its being incredible that any one should think marrying a sister the same thing as marrying a sister-in-law, he might have remembered that the marriage of brothers and sisters was held specially

suitable in ancient Egypt, and was not unknown among the Jews, as Mr. Geikie has pointed out. To say that the question is left open by Scripture is at least quietly to assume what many far better divines and Biblical critics than Mr. Davies would emphatically deny, and to assert that the permission of such unions in other countries has not led to any degradation of family life is to make an assertion not simply unproved, but clearly disproved by all statistics. To name but one point here; there is no single country of the old or new world where these incestuous unions are legalized, where the marriage of uncles and nieces is not also legal. As to rights of women, though Mr. Davies has too much common sense to venture to maintain a real equality of the sexes, he does advocate an equality of rights as regards education, employments, civil franchise, and "religious activity," from which we must infer that he agrees with his friend Dean Plumptre that women ought to be allowed to preach. The question is too wide a one to be discussed here, but he would find a good deal of his special pleading refuted by so unimpeachably lay and liberal an authority as Mr. Goldwin Smith. We may notice, simply as an illustration of his strange ignorance or ignoring of patent facts, an *obiter dictum* in this discourse to the effect that "those who advocate the superior holiness of the unmarried state are not likely to appeal to texts of Scripture." With the merits of the question, and with the correct interpretation of the texts alleged, we are not concerned here one way or the other; but if Mr. Davies is really unaware that all advocates of the superiority of the celibate state, whether Roman Catholics or others, do habitually appeal to certain familiar passages in the Pauline Epistles and the Apocalypse, he can never have read a word of the literature of the subject. The final discourse on Faith and Tolerance is sensible and well put, but contains nothing at all original. On the whole the volume is a disappointing one.

Far more disappointing, and for practical purposes wholly ineffective, is the *Discourse on the Shedding of Blood and the Laws of War*, by the late Mr. Menteith, edited by his son, and presented by him to Pope Leo XIII. His Holiness has shown his wonted discretion in directing Cardinal Jacobini to convey his cordial thanks to the donor, while at the same time regretting that "the incessant labours of the Apostolical Ministry" have left him no leisure to peruse the volume. It is, in fact, simply a laboured and very dry and technical summary of the teaching of Latin canonists and theologians as to when it is or is not lawful to take human life, and beyond the not very profound or novel truism that it is unlawful to kill in an unjust war, no very pertinent instruction can be derived from it. The critical question is of course how to discriminate just from unjust wars, and who is to be the judge. As to the former point, the author might not have found any general agreement among his countrymen as to the injustice of the Afghan war. As to the latter point, he appears to hold that no individual soldier can take part in a war the justice of which he sees any "probable reason" for doubting, until he has solved the doubt, without incurring the guilt of murder—a theory which, if consistently acted upon, would put an end to all military discipline. In a long string of "adhesions," chiefly of foreign theologians, which form the Supplement to the volume, occur *inter alia* the names of Lord Stanley of Alderley and Dr. Congreve. Lord Stanley opines that, if the Holy See had put forth some definition on the subject—which appears to have been contemplated at the Vatican Council—it might have led Catholic officers "to sacrifice their career rather than take part in the Egyptian brigandage of last year," i.e. 1884. Mr. Congreve, "as a Positivist and a Priest of the Religion of Humanity," desires "to join in the invitation to His Holiness to allow a Diplomatic College to be founded at Rome for teaching the principles and rules of the Law of Nations," meaning, we presume, the principles of the Peace Society.

Mr. Lias explains, in the preface to his Hulsean Lectures on *The Atonement*, that the volume is designed as an introduction for theological students "before entering on larger works, such as Oxenham's *Catholic Doctrine of the Atonement*, the article in Herzog's *Encyclopædia*, Archbishop Thomson's *Bampton Lectures*," and some other works he mentions. And he is anxious to insist that "a certain theory of Atonement," frequently represented both by the supporters and opponents of Christianity as part and parcel of revealed religion, was never heard of before the Reformation, and is still rejected by the vast majority of Christians, meaning apparently the Lutheran view of "imputation." It is of course impossible within the limits of four lectures to examine with any sort of completeness the Scriptural and ecclesiastical bearings of the doctrine of the Atonement, and Mr. Lias has no special gift of illustrating or enlivening his theme by incisive clearness or graces of style. His aim is to prove, by reference to New Testament teaching and the development of doctrine in the Church, that the received Protestant theories of substitution and satisfaction are—not necessarily untrue, though he pretty plainly implies his own disbelief of them, but—entirely open questions, not binding on orthodox believers either by the authority of Scripture or of the Catholic Church. There is little or nothing in the volume which may not be found more fully and better expounded in one or all of the principal works named in the preface, but as an introduction to the study of such larger treatises, or rather as a summary and reminder of their leading points, it may have its uses. As an independent treatise, it attempts too much in a small space, and is too loose and negative in its methods, to offer the reader a coherent and adequate grasp of the great subject under review.

There is so very close a resemblance both in style and method of thought between *Dogmatism, the Conscience, and Agnosticism* and that very much over-praised and crotchety book, *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*, that we can hardly be mistaken in assuming Dr. Riches to be a devoted admirer and copyist of Mr. Drummond. He professes the same aim of defending religious belief against the assaults of Atheists and Agnostics—whose practical teaching he not unreasonably maintains to be identical—and betrays in doing so the same tendency to deliver backhanders—so to put it—at “sacerdotalism” and ecclesiastical dogmatism. But by what test “that dogma”—the italics and capitals are his own—which is rightly defined as “the manner of expressing religious or doctrinal truth,” and which comprises “the essentials of belief in all their beautiful simplicity,” is to be discriminated from the false dogma which has damaged and will continue to damage “the Established Church, as long as it couples men’s well-being with the acceptance of its dogmatical teachings,” is not explained or easy to explain. And when the writer insists that, while our “judgment” tells us that two and two make four, our “conscience” tells us that “this truth must always remain true,” he appears to be confounding conscience with intuition. His motive in writing is no doubt excellent, but his comfortable assurance that, within the modest compass of forty-five pages, he has provided a conclusive vindication of “faith and belief in revealed religion . . . which in time of need will not fail,” is, to say the least, an enthusiastic one.

Mr. De Romestin—who has now, we are glad to observe, been presented by his Bishop to the living of Stony Stratford—has followed up his excellent edition of the *Teaching of the Apostles* with a translation in similar form of four short treatises of St. Augustine, *On Instructing the Unlearned, On Faith of Things not Seen, On the Advantage of Believing, and the Enchiridion*. He could not have put his leisure to better account. There are many who cannot read Latin, or will not take the trouble to do so, who will be thankful to have these elementary and weighty treatises of the great doctor of the Western Church offered to them in a handy and accessible shape. The volume containing in the original this selection from St. Augustine’s writings was edited about forty years ago by the late Rev. Charles Marriott, Fellow of Oriel, and dedicated to Bishop Field of Newfoundland. Mr. De Romestin’s English version is based on that in “the Library of the Fathers,” but carefully revised. We need hardly say that it is scholarly, accurate, and clear.

We have next on our list three catechetical works, though of very diverse kind. The *Shorter Catechism*, common to all the Presbyterian Churches, is said to have received its somewhat paradoxical misnomer “because it is not so long as the Bible.” It assumes, however, rather alarming proportions in the *Commentary* of the Rev. Dr. Whyte, minister of St. George’s Free Church, Edinburgh, and we should ourselves feel much compassion for the child required to wade through these two hundred and odd closely printed pages of possibly orthodox but unquestionably dry Calvinistic theology. We note one very significant passage on what the author is certainly right in regarding as an exclusively “Protestant”—perhaps he had better have said Presbyterian—view of justification; whether it is also “Apostolic” and “Scriptural” is another question. “The Apostolic and Protestant sense of the word is not the same as its strict etymological sense. According to its root the word literally means to *make just or righteous*. But in its secondary and Scriptural sense it means to *count and pronounce just or righteous*. In Gospel justification God treats a sinner as if he were a just man.” And this, we are further assured, is “an essential truth of the Gospel.”

Mr. Gregory’s *Short Studies in the Church Catechism* naturally breathes a different spirit. He tells us that the volume was originally drawn up for the use of teachers in his own parochial schools, and is now published, after much revision, under the belief that it may be found useful to a wider circle. That we can quite believe, though it cannot be considered an exhaustive, and will by many not be accepted as an altogether satisfactory or adequate, exposition of the Catechism. It contains however an extensive and carefully arranged assortment of Scriptural references, and does not indeed contain much else.

Very different in its scope from either of the last tractates is Mr. St. George Mivart’s *Philosophical Catechism for Beginners*, the aim of which “is to state in clear and simple language answers to very deep and widely discussed questions, which have for many years occupied the thoughts of the author.” And he hopes that it will be found useful by teachers as well as students. It is in fact a kind of summary in catechetical form, and language studiously simple and direct, of the fundamental positions of the author’s *Nature and Thought an Introductory to a Natural Philosophy*. It seems to us admirably calculated to answer its purpose. And the appearance of such a work at Messrs. Burns & Oates’s, the leading Roman Catholic publishers in London, is in its way a sign of the times.

The Path of the Just, and other Sermons—rather oddly named from the last sermon in the volume, not the first—is one of the many collections of parochial discourses “written with no thought of publication,” and afterwards published at the request of some of those who heard them. They are simple and edifying, but we cannot honestly say that they appear to us to rise above the average of literature of the kind.

Mrs. Jones has hit on an excellent idea, and quite deserves the commendation bestowed on her design in the preface contributed by the Bishop of Bedford, in compiling for the use of children short *Stories of the Soldiers of Christ in all Ages*, consisting in large

measure of tales of the early Christian martyrs. We are unable however altogether to agree with the Bishop that she has solved the difficulty of producing stories which are “short and concise without being the least dry.” It is undoubtedly a difficult problem, and few gifts are so rare, or in their way so enviable, as the capacity of telling stories really well, whether orally or by pen. The late Mr. Edward Monro had it in a very remarkable degree in both senses, and experience proves that Dr. Neale’s *Tales of Christian Heroism and Triumphs of the Cross* will hold a large assemblage of children spellbound. The present writer does not approach that standard of excellence, but still the book is one which children will read probably with interest and certainly with edification, and, in the hands of a skilful narrator who knows how to make the most of his materials, it would supply the needful equipment for telling stories effectively to catechetical classes in church or in school. And the illustrations—though not very good—will help to make it a very acceptable gift-book for children.

Many people will be rather surprised to see a printed collection of *Prayers for Public Worship* by a late divine of the Established Church of Scotland. That the heresy, as it used to be deemed, of written prayers and even written sermons had of late years been creeping stealthily into the Scottish Establishment was indeed an open secret, but hardly—we had imagined—a secret it was thought prudent as yet openly to avow. Prayers and discourses, if written, were not read, but committed to memory and delivered as though extempore from the pulpit. We are informed however in a prefatory note that the late Dr. Service “wrote out these prayers with extreme care, and it is plain that he attached great importance to the adequate expression of the feelings by which he thought a Christian congregation should be animated.” That is a view which has always prevailed in the Christian Church, but to state it is surely to pronounce a very decided implicit condemnation of what used at least to be held an essential rule of practice in his own Communion; and we are half afraid that Jenny Geddes might have felt it her painful duty to fling her stool at the good doctor’s head, if he had ventured to shout his unhallowed written compositions “at her lag.” As to the prayers themselves, they are very much of the kind that might be expected, not indeed of the “stewed collect” variety—for of any knowledge of collects the author most likely was wholly innocent—but of that peculiar hybrid type, half prayer half preaching, which in the days of our grandfathers formed the approved staple of family devotion. There is something to be said no doubt for *bond fide* extempore prayer, but if written forms are to be used at all—and there appears to be a growing conviction in the Presbyterian community that they are necessary or expedient—one can hardly imagine a devout, still less an educated, congregation, preferring such lucubrations as these to the simple and solemn grandeur of the English liturgy.

We are taken into a very different region of thought from Sermons, Catechisms, or Christian Prayers, when we turn to *The Talmud of Jerusalem*, the first volume of which—entitled *Berakhoth* (or Blessing)—Dr. Joseph Schwab, of the Paris *Bibliothèque Nationale*, has translated into English. It appears that nothing of the kind had been previously attempted, beyond a translation of the Mishna only into Latin and German. But he has himself determined to bring out “a complete textual and generally literal version of the Talmud, that historical and religious work which forms a continuation of the Old and even of the New Testament,” to which will be eventually prefixed a general Introduction, treating of the origin, composition, spirit, and history of the Talmud. And the present volume is the first instalment of his English rendering of what Dr. Schwab justly designates “this vast and unwieldy Encyclopædia.” In these days, when even the “sacred books of the East” are being collected and translated for the benefit of English readers, it is certainly only fitting that a work which has the unique religious and antiquarian interest of the Jewish Talmud should also be brought within their reach. Whether a closer knowledge will tend to produce a higher estimate of the intrinsic merits of this elaborate “encyclopædia” of “the traditions of men” may be questioned, if the present portion of it is to be taken as a fair specimen of its general character and drift. In any case however it will be useful for purposes of reference. Translation and type are alike clear and readable.

RYE’S HISTORY OF NORFOLK.*

THE present volume forms the first of a series of Popular County Histories projected by Elliot Stock, each of which is to be undertaken by a specialist, the intention apparently being to combine in one volume the solid information and original research befitting the dignity of history, with the practical, if prosaic, details which the foreign tourist looks for in the pages of Baedeker. The task of writing a new History of Norfolk on these terms has been entrusted to Mr. Walter Rye, who is well known to local genealogists and topographers as the editor and author of several useful works relating to that county, and who is probably as well qualified as any one for picking a pedigree to pieces. A work of this nature is necessarily to a great extent a compilation from those which have gone over the same ground before; Mr. Rye may have been induced to hasten over his task and thus render it more scrappy, by the fact that a larger and more ambitious history of the same county has been in course of publication for

* *A History of Norfolk*. By Walter Rye. London: Elliot Stock.

the last three years by Mr. R. H. Mason. This work has, unhappily, just been cut short by the recent decease of its industrious author, but a mass of information has been collected by him which, it is hoped, may still be brought to a worthy conclusion by some competent hand. The value of the materials amassed by Mr. Mason in the five parts which he lived to publish is attested by the fact that Mr. Rye quotes from them on several occasions in the work under review. Mr. Rye's publishers, however, have imposed upon him a nearly impossible task; in fact, a perusal of the book makes it evident that the author was not clear in his own mind as to whether he were trying to write a history or a guide-book. A comparison of the first with the closing chapters shows the strength and weakness of his hand, and thus the irreconcilable nature of the problem. Mr. Rye begins with a startling but ably-argued contention, which, if proved, involves little less than the rewriting of the early history of England; while he finishes with detailed instructions as to how the visitor to the Broads is to victual his wherry, where he will find comfortable quarters, and what is the best way to "do" the sights of Yarmouth. He evidently does not wish his readers to lose sight of the fact that he has deserved well of serious students by having edited the "Pedes Finium" for the reigns of Richard I. and John, while at times he seems to be under the impression that he is writing a new edition of his "Tourist's Guide" to the county. Much new information of real value, the result of his intimate acquaintance with the records of the past, is placed before us by Mr. Rye in an eminently readable form; his familiarity with these original sources of information has enabled him to reconstruct a picture of the daily life of our ancestors, which he presents to us in the three instructive chapters entitled "The Old Peasant Life," "The Gentler Life," and "The Town Life."

The startling proposition, alluded to above, with which Mr. Rye opens his work is that the first people of whose existence in Norfolk we have undoubted proof are the Danes, and that their first invasion took place *before* that of the Romans, and not after those of the Romans and Saxons. This transference of epochs Mr. Rye bases on a study of the local names in the county. He adduces a list of seventy-eight places practically identical with existent Danish villages, and maintains that no less than two hundred and fifty-six places are identical either wholly or in part with names provable to be Danish. Eleven of the Hundreds also have names which are obviously Danish; and a further list is given of fifty-three places, the first and characteristic part of the names of which are identical with those of Danish villages. This evidence is certainly sufficient to prove, if it wanted proving, that the colonization by the Danes—whenever it took place—was in this part of the country almost an exclusive one; but it is by no means so clear that Mr. Rye is warranted in holding it to have been anterior to the Roman Conquest. He argues that it is absurd to suppose that "the very large proportion of Danish place-names in Norfolk can possibly be accounted for by the intermittent raids of the ninth and tenth centuries." Mr. Rye further instances Brancaster and Tasburgh as showing that the Danes came before the Romans, in that the root syllables of these names are represented to this day in Denmark. He also urges the Danish name of one man who fought against the pirates of the ninth century as proof of an earlier Danish settlement; and he asks why the invasions on our East coast should have left such strong evidence, while similar raids in France and Normandy have left next to no trace on the maps of those countries. The answer to this latter question is that the raids were not similar either in kind or in degree. The invasions of East Anglia in the ninth and tenth centuries, culminating as they did in complete conquest and the establishment of a Danish dynasty, cannot fairly be characterized as "intermittent raids." Mr. Freeman divides them into three periods:—1st, that of plunder, 789–855; 2nd, that of settlement, 855–897; 3rd, that of political conquest, 980–1016. This gives a period of upwards of 150 years, during which the north and west of Norfolk must have assumed the character rather of a Danish province than that of an English shire. During these years five continuous generations of foreigners occupied the soil, having previously all but exterminated or driven off the original occupiers—a period surely long enough for the new comers to have largely impressed the names of their old homes on the country. A shorter number of years certainly sufficed to cover New England with names imported, many of them, from this same east coast. The root syllables of Brancaster and Tasburgh may have their counterparts in Denmark, but good authorities give each of them a Celtic origin, the meaning in either case being water, which will suit the localities well enough. To draw a serious argument from the fact that one man with a Danish name may have fought against his countrymen is little short of childish. Mr. Rye must produce better arguments than these before his transference of epochs can be accepted as sound history. The cognate subject of Danish names in the neighbouring county of Lincoln has been fully worked out by Mr. Streatfeild in his *Lincolnshire and the Danes*, published last year, though it has not occurred to him that their frequency necessitates the ante-dating of the Scandinavian Conquest. Mr. Rye does not appear to be acquainted with this work—at all events he does not quote it.

When he approaches the Norman Conquest Mr. Rye treads upon firmer ground; thenceforth the extent of his researches into our earliest written records enables him to draw general conclusions which one feels safe in accepting, and to point them with a wealth of illustration from little known sources of information. Mr.

Seeböhm had shown in his *Early English Community* that the Danish counties of Lincoln, Norfolk, and Suffolk had the largest proportion of *Socmanni* and *liberi homines*, and the smallest proportion of *servi* in England. This means, as Mr. Rye points out, that the majority of the landowners were small independent freeholders; and he is no doubt right in saying that they owed their independence to the fact of their being a warlike race only just settling down from conquest, whom William wisely let alone. Something, too, must be set down to physical geography; it is difficult to realize to-day how completely Norfolk was then isolated from the rest of England by the all but impassable Fens stretching from Ely up to Lincoln. Feudal principles would seem to have so thoroughly taken possession of Mr. Rye's mind that he will not in any way recognize descent through females; in this way he wipes out the families of nearly all the original Norman grantees within a very few generations, and scornfully regards them as having died out because their lands passed from father to daughter instead of from sire to son. How would the title to the Crown of England fare if tried by such a test as this? That fictitious pedigrees have often been concocted is well known. Mr. Rye exposes a few of the worst cases connected with Norfolk, and begins with no less illustrious an example than that of Howard, Premier Duke and Earl Marshal of England. Of the castles built by the Normans few remains exist in this county, though the keeps of Norwich and Castle Rising, designed probably by the same architect, are still almost perfect. Many noble relics, however, of monastic establishments are to be found throughout the county, in some cases built into windmills and farmhouses or left entirely to decay. From the Conquest to the end of the thirteenth century the growth of monasteries went on with unalloyed vigour; nearly every great family founded one at least. But after the year 1300 abbey-building first gradually and then entirely ceased. For this Mr. Rye assigns two causes: the fashion that set in for building semi-private chantries, and the great increase in the number and strength of religious guilds. Dr. Jessopp, in his *Diocesan History of Norwich*, regards this cessation of building as a proof that the work of the monasteries was done when the Friars came over to England; St. Francis, he says, was right; the masses are to be dealt with only by men living among the masses. For the problem why Norfolk, of all counties in England, should have so extremely large a number of churches—there are 117 more than in Yorkshire, a county nearly thrice its size—Mr. Rye can find no solution, beyond a guess that there was more of emulation than of piety in the motive that led to their construction. Nor is it easier to find a reason for the extraordinary magnificence of the seven churches of Marshland, the population of which district can never have been larger than it is now.

Of history, in the common sense of the term, Norfolk, happily perhaps for itself, has little to present. No great battles or sieges took place within its limits. Norwich Castle was held for a time against the Conqueror by Ralph de Guemar, when he rebelled in 1074. In the twelfth century the disgraceful persecutions of the Jews, common to the whole kingdom, led to the canonization of a boy saint, St. William of Norwich, whose alleged crucifixion was made an excuse for murder and plunder. In 1381 a branch of Wat Tyler's rebellion under Litester was promptly quashed by "fighting Bishop" le Spencer, who stormed the rebels' barricade at the head of a few lances, seized Litester with his own hand, condemned him to death, and, after piously giving him absolution, attended him to the gallows and saw him safely hanged. During the next century there were several outbreaks of an old-standing feud between the monks and citizens of Norwich, in which the former were by no means always in the right. Kett's rebellion, in 1549, is shown to have been agrarian in its origin and not religious, as alleged by Lingard. It arose from a demand for throwing open enclosures, made by lords of manors, of waste land over which their tenants had commonable rights. Norwich was actually besieged by the insurgents, numbering 1,600 men; for some time they held the King's troops at bay, and were not defeated till Lord Warwick brought an army of 3,500 mercenaries against them. The wise policy of Elizabeth in encouraging the settlement of Protestants driven out of the Low Countries by Alva did much to encourage the trade of Norwich. Traces of Dutch names are yet to be found there, and a Dutch congregation still hangs nominally together in the choir of St. Andrew's Hall. When the Civil War broke out no county was warmer in favour of the Commonwealth than Norfolk. In conjunction with the neighbouring counties it constituted the "Eastern Association," with the result of keeping the war almost wholly out of its boundaries. The history of Norfolk, Mr. Rye remarks, for the last three centuries is really the history of its elections and of its trade; of both he gives most interesting details.

JAMAICA.*

THE official *Handbook of Jamaica* presents to the reader a most comprehensive assortment of information. He may there peruse the history of the island from its conquest by the British in 1655, and would no doubt be able to enjoy its previous history under the Spaniards, only there does not seem to have been any. He may study medical reports and financial statistics; he can discover the salary of every official down to the lowest clerk, and can calculate how much each planter ought to have gained (or lost)

* *The Handbook of Jamaica for 1885–86.* London: Edward Stanford.

by his crop of last year. An intending visitor to the island can prime himself with abundant useful knowledge—the routes by which he may reach it; the names of hotels and their charges per day; what he ought to pay for the hire of a horse, and, if necessity should arise, for a tomb; the cost of mutton or turtle per pound, and water-melons, mangoes, and jack fruit per dozen. He will learn the names of the officials of every Association in the island, from the "Hebrew National Institution" to the Kingston Cricket Club, and in the case of the latter, that he should procure a "jacket of alternate brown and green striped flannel" should he be elected a member. It is strange that with this mass of heterogeneous and useful information, there should be lacking the one thing needful for the proper understanding of it all, and that is a map. No doubt this could be easily and cheaply supplied.

It is no part of our purpose to enter minutely into the history of Jamaica since the British occupation, which makes up in lurid vividness for the oblivion of the previous hundred and fifty years. It contains the names of many distinguished men; but it is far from pleasant reading. The proximity of this island to its old masters in Cuba on the one side, and to the natural allies of its own slave population in Haiti on the other, could not but be a fruitful source of war and bloodshed. Besides having to protect itself from privateers, it furnished its full share both of men and money to the wars which the mother-country waged with France and Spain, and which raged around its coasts; it saw the defeat and death of Benbow, and eighty years later Nelson narrowly escaped death from malarial fever at Kingston. Nor did internal matters proceed more peaceably; there were frequent struggles between the Governors and the members of Assembly; there were insurrections of the Maroons, as the descendants of the slaves left by the Spaniards were called; and there were earthquakes and hurricanes producing the greatest temporary devastation. Notwithstanding all this, the resources of the island grew, and in 1798 the colonists raised by voluntary subscription among themselves the sum of one million pounds sterling to aid England in its war with revolutionary France. It was during the Duke of Manchester's long reign of nineteen years as Governor of Jamaica that the slavery question began to be mooted, and, as might be expected, was warmly resented by the Assembly. A rebellion of the slaves ensued; and so deplorable was the amount of damage by incendiarism and otherwise before it was extinguished, that the British Government extended to the proprietors a loan of 200,000*l.* to replenish their plantations. In spite of the protests of the Assembly slavery and apprenticeship ceased in Jamaica on the 1st of August, 1838. It is often stated that emancipation was the ruin of Jamaica, but in reality this was far from being the case. The wise administration of Sir Charles Metcalfe reconciled all classes of colonial society; and under Lord Elgin new and vigorous measures were taken. Improvements in machinery and agriculture were rapidly pushed forward, new breeds of cattle were introduced, immigration from India was authorized to replace the labour lost by "squatting," and the first batch of coolies arrived in 1846. The colony was thus struggling bravely with the altered state of things, and in a fair way to recover its former prosperity, when, in 1846, the Bill for equalizing the duty on British and foreign sugar was passed by the Imperial Parliament. This was the fatal stroke; on the one hand it recalled into life the Cuban slave trade, already beginning to die away, and England was obliged, with her armed cruisers, to attempt to put a stop to a revolting traffic, which might have been done effectually and inexpensively at her Custom-house stairs; on the other, under the immense influx of slave-grown sugar, the price declined to such an extent that Jamaica could no longer afford to provide for coolie immigrants, nor to sustain the institutions of the colony on their existing scale. A few years longer of the continuance of the differential tariff would have abolished slavery for ever in Cuba, and have developed on a firm basis the resources of Jamaica. As it was, a "war of retrenchment" began, and the strife between the Assembly and the officials, with little intermission, lasted till the abolition of representative institutions, at the instance of Governor Eyre, in 1865. There is no necessity to relate the events of the rebellion with which his name is connected, and which he effectually suppressed in the course of one week. There was at the time no counter-attraction for the hysteria of Exeter Hall, the "Poetical Works of Eliza Armstrong" were as yet unwritten, and its whole sympathies were centred upon "a man and a brother." Mr. Eyre was recalled, and on his return to England was subjected to a persistent persecution which has few parallels in modern history. The Government now consists of a Governor and Legislative Council, consisting of official and elected members. Hitherto it cannot be said to have proved a very economical institution. From the statement of the Royal Finance Commissioners it appears that previous to 1865 the debt of the island stood at 607,739*l.*; in September 1882 they state it was 1,739,010*l.*; much of this, however, has been spent in immigration, railways, irrigation works, and other enterprises which, it is to be hoped, will be reproductive. The expenditure, which in 1864-65 was 158,871*l.* (with the addition that certain judicial offices were paid by fees, and not then brought into the account), in 1883-84 reached 531,884*l.*, or, if we add expenditure from moneys raised by loans, 673,232*l.* Under Sir Henry Norman some reduction has been made in the salaries of officials, by which 7,473*l.* is saved annually to the colony.

It cannot be said that Jamaica has tamely given way under her fallen fortunes; she has tried by other methods to make up for the lowness of price of her principal manufacture—sugar. Fruit has

been extensively planted, and now forms a most important item of trade with the United States; cattle and horses are bred and exported; coffee is grown in suitable districts, though that also has decreased in value; cinchona and tobacco will become more profitable in the future. But it is, after all, sugar, with its concomitant, rum, that still remains the staple of Jamaica, and it is here that the outlook is so depressing. She has now to compete not only with the slave-grown sugar of Cuba, but with the bounty-fed beet sugar of the Continent—a bounty, in the case of Germany, given with the avowed object of extinguishing the trade of the British West Indies. Government after Government has condemned these bounties in principle, but no statesman has as yet been found bold enough to put his foot on them. It is surely not extravagant to hope that a remedy may be found in the immediate future for this admitted wrong.

It is interesting to speculate what might be the result to Jamaica of the completion of the Panama Canal. She lies in almost a direct route to the Isthmus, and it might be that a coaling station on her shores might prove the nucleus of a considerable trade. From the last reports, however, it would appear that it will be many—probably very many—years before the Canal is open, and even if it were, it is quite as likely as not that the stoical indifference of the British Government to the West India Colonies might be shown in planting the coaling station on some foreign island, say Haiti. As the account stands at present, Jamaica is a distinct loser by the Canal; in two years and a half 41,325 labourers whom she could ill spare have left her to labour on it, and of these only 27,397 have returned. Jamaica distinguished herself so much at the Philadelphia Exhibition that we look forward with interest to her department in the Colonial Exhibition to be held at South Kensington next year. So long ago as 1664 Sir Thomas Modyford, then Governor, wrote to the King (Charles II.) that "sugar, ginger, indigo, cotton, tobacco, dyeing woods, and cocoa may be and are produced as well as anywhere; but pimento, china roots, aloes, rhubarb, sarsaparilla, tamarinds, cassia, vaiginillios, hides, and tallow are the proper commodities. There is the best timber and stone in the whole world, and great plenty of corn, cassada, potatoes, yams, plantains, bananas, peas, hogs, fowls, cattle, horses, asiucos, sheep, fish and turtle, and pasturage." This is a fine list of products, though all of them may not be quite suitable for South Kensington; but we are quite sure that a selection of them would prove most interesting. Jamaica will also be able to draw upon her exquisite varieties of ferns and tree-ferns, her lovely flowers and the least perishable of her fruits; in fact, with all the resources at her command, she ought to be able to present a show as attractive as any in the building. We believe that, if the West Indies take pains to display the infinite variety and beauty of their products, they will do much to open the eyes of the British public to the real value of these colonies, whose interests at present are so little cared for.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE OXFORD HISTORICAL SOCIETY.*

THE extremely satisfactory volume of *Collectanea* which has been issued by the Oxford Historical Society is preceded by an editorial wail which should pierce the hardest heart, but which is not entirely intelligible in reference to the book itself. Mr. Fletcher speaks in sorrow, not anger, and expressly disclaims "aspirations on the zeal of his fellow-contributors." But he thinks that "he who has filled the office of responsible editor . . . for three-quarters of a year, has learnt a lesson of infinite patience and forbearance," and he "hopes that others may learn this lesson in a milder school than himself." These dark and dreadful hints of Mr. Fletcher's sufferings during the nine months of his book's gestation are as mysterious as they are interesting, more particularly since the child which is born of them is as fine a child as any one can desire, and bears no marks of broad axes, racks, wheels, or other signatures such as are supposed to indicate parental tribulation before birth. The book consists of six different parts, well selected, capably edited, and contrasting very agreeably with each other. The first is made up of letters and documents affecting Oxford in the fourteenth century, and especially relating to what is called "the Stamford schism"—an attempt not dissimilar to that formerly made in the case of Northampton to substitute a midland town for Oxford and Cambridge as the seat of University studies. These letters are well arranged and calendared by Mr. H. H. Henson, Fellow of All Souls', and contain references to many interesting things besides the schism, such as, for instance, the curious institution of the *rex natalicis* (otherwise called *praefectus ludorum*, &c.), an official who exercised rule partly jocular and partly serious in the colleges at the time of the Christmas festival. In the second part Mr. Shadwell has prefaced, transcribed, and annotated a fourteenth-century Catalogue of Oriel College Library. The list, as may be expected, is not extensive; but some of the books, it seems, still exist, though not always in the possession of their original owners. Part III. still relates to books, and gives the ledger of an Oxford bookseller, John Dorne, in the year 1520. This shows a very considerable demand for literature, the entries filling fully sixty pages, with sometimes as many as

* *Collectanea*. First Series. Edited by C. R. L. Fletcher, Fellow of All Souls' College. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press.

Memorials of Merton College; with Biographical Notices of the Wardens and Fellows. By the Hon. G. C. Brodrick, Warden of Merton. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press.

thirty or forty items (some of which refer to more copies than one) on a page. The interest of the document as showing the nature and variety of the University studies of the time (the latter far greater than vulgar opinion thinks) is very great indeed, and it is hardly necessary to say that a long essay would be needed to work it out in literary fashion. Mr. Madan, the editor of the section, has not attempted this, but he has constructed a bibliographical index which must have given him far more trouble, and which displays most creditable and well-employed erudition. The account which follows (in Part IV.) of the fight between All Souls and Lady Jane Stafford about a lease of the Middlesex Woods possessed by the College has been contributed by the editor. The documents comprise not only interesting letters to great people, but numerous incidental bills of charges for journeys to London, and the like. The next section (supplied by Mr. Duff of Wadham) takes us a hundred years later, and gives the private account-book of a Merton Undergraduate between 1682 and 1688. James Wilding was no spendthrift, and was a very careful accountant. He had constantly to pay for "mending his bands," an item of expense now spared (to the sorrow of the famous society chronicled in the *Oxford Spectator*) to frugal undergraduates. The not infrequent entries "for shugar"—they do not often go beyond the modest sum of twopence—probably indicate mild festivities in which the College beer was turned into night-caps, for it is pretty certain that Wilding did not want "shugar" either for tea or for tarts. He occasionally expended twopence or threepence upon "apples," and, frugal as he was, devoted sixpence to "seeing ye laboratory." Malicious criticism may find cause for its malice in the fact that while a journey to Worcester cost him but five shillings, a journey to "Abbingdon" is entered at four, and is followed with suspicious immediateness by other entries "For Strawberries and Cream," "For Shugar," "To Margery," and "For Drink." But no evil can be made at a shilling for "a pair of Kuffs," or at a penny for "a Save-all." And a late well-known dealer in shell-fish in the High Street would have been scandalized to think that a short two centuries since lobsters were sold in Oxford at twopence. The last article in the volume deals with the controversy between a certain Lewis Maidwell (who wanted to set up an Academy in London for "riding the great horse," and other exercises, with "Græc" and Latin thrown in) and the celebrated Dr. Wallis, Hobbes's opponent, who resented strongly any lure to draw away the youth of England from the Universities. The preface to this (by Mr. Jackson, of Worcester) not only illustrates usefully the special allusions of the text, notably the riding the great horse, but contributes not a little to the knowledge of Oxford amusements at the time. In short, taking the book as a whole, it is exactly what such a book should be—a collection, that is to say, of interesting and not generally accessible original documents, put before the modern reader with all the apparatus, and not more than the apparatus, which a modern reader of sufficient intelligence and information can demand.

We wish that we could say as much of the second, and at first sight more promising, book before us. Mr. Brodrick had none of the difficulties of driving other men's horses of which Mr. Fletcher so pathetically complains; he had a definite and interesting subject; and he had, moreover, an old calumny to rebut. Everybody knows Charles Lamb's sarcasm as to the respectful reluctance of academic dignitaries to pry too closely into the history of the foundations which nourish them. A good many years have passed, and something like a craze for historical research has set in. Yet we do not know that the reproach has been removed by one really exhaustive or satisfactory history of an Oxford or Cambridge College, not to speak about either University as a whole. Nor, we fear, will Mr. Brodrick's *Memorials of Merton* supply the missing vindication. He had in the institution, of which he is the present head, a singularly tempting subject. Unquestionably the oldest substantive example of what has since been known as a college, distinguished for some centuries as one of the leading foundations of Oxford, illustrated since its deposition from that place at or about the Reformation by at least a sufficient number of famous alumni, interesting as the place of the Queen's residence in the Civil War, possessing the noblest chapel save one in the University, and nearly the most ancient and curious library in England, rich in early documents which have already enabled Mr. Thorold Rogers to throw remarkable light on medieval times, and owning as a son and chronicler the indefatigable Anthony Wood—Merton ought to be a happy hunting-ground for an investigator in Mr. Brodrick's position with every source of information at his command and with ample leisure for investigating.

It is impossible to say that it has proved to be such. In the first place, Mr. Brodrick, for no discoverable reason, unless it be that he cared not to pursue his task long after the helping hand of Wood failed him, has stopped his historical sketch at the middle and his biographical notices at the beginning of the eighteenth century. Yet he himself remarks that the statutes of 1274 practically governed the College till three years ago, thus establishing a unity of subject which his own treatment breaks down. In the second place, his chapters show in many places the disastrous effect of having been originally composed as review articles—an effect, we may observe in passing, which is so often to be seen nowadays that the reader of books feels very much inclined to anathematize quarterlies and monthlies altogether. Again, the distinction between "historical sketch" and "biographical notice" leads to a constant slurring over remarkable

names in the first part—a slurring which is by no means invariably or often made up in the second. Moreover, it is quite certain that any Merton man who takes up this book will look and will look in vain for account of and comment on many local College names, traditions, institutions, and other little matters which go to make up the entity called "the College." Thus, though Mr. Brodrick has often to use the curious name "Mob quad" (applied to the oldest of the Merton courts), he nowhere, that we have seen, or that a very full and elaborate index helps us to see, attempts to explain it, while the venerable name of "Archdeacon" does not so much as appear. The very first thing we looked for in Mr. Brodrick's book was the history and origin of Archdeacon, which the uninitiated should know is a peculiar kind of strong ale served regularly at Merton with cheese. It is not to be found, and, we are obliged to add that, as not being found, it is in the company of a great many other things which some people might consider of more importance.

Nor is this incompleteness of plan and scope redeemed by irreproachable treatment of the matters which are handled. Take, for instance, in the biographical notices the names of Nicholas Grimoald and John Earle. Nicholas Grimoald, or Grimald, is an exceedingly interesting person. He was, next to Surrey and Wyatt, the largest contributor to, and is thought, on good grounds, to be the projector and editor of, the famous *Tottel's Miscellany*, the "Songs and Sonnets" which not only introduced the two poets just named to literature, but wholly revolutionized English poetry. Of all this Mr. Brodrick gives his readers no hint whatever, nor does he any of Grimoald's other literary work, while the wording of the entry "Grimoalde or Grymboldus" ignores the fact that "Grymbold" has been held to be quite a different person. He baldly states his academic degrees and positions, and adds, "Under Mary [when, as it happens, the *Miscellany* appeared] he was a timeserver, but enjoyed great reputation as a scholar under Elizabeth." The notice of Earle is longer, but here again the most interesting thing about him, his authorship of the *Microcosmography* (the cleverest of all seventeenth-century English imitations of Theophrastus, and choke-full of illustrations of the manners of the time), is not so much as mentioned; nor is any of his literary work except "the well-known poem entitled *Hortus Mertonensis*." The treatment of the more famous names of Scotus and Occam (that of Bradwardine fares a little better) is also most unsatisfactory. When these great men are dealt with so unceremoniously (for instance, Mr. Brodrick lays down *simpliciter* that Scotus was "born at Embleton," as if there never had been any controversy about the matter, and mentions not one single work of his by name), it is perhaps superfluous to dwell on shortcomings under such headings as Aston, Alvey, Conant, &c. It is fair to say that Mr. Brodrick disclaims any attempt "to provide complete biographical notices of persons known to history," and says that his register is based on a manuscript catalogue made by Astruc at the beginning and annotated by Kilner at the end of the last century. But how much better would it have been simply to publish this with, if necessary, fresh annotations, as has been done in the case of the *Collectanea*.

And, indeed, we cannot finish this review better than by repeating the suggestion already made in reference to Mr. Parker's *Oxford*, and strongly supported by comparison of the two books before us—to wit, that the Oxford Historical Society is making a great mistake in publishing modern workings-up of documents, instead of confining itself to the documents themselves. If, for instance, Mr. Brodrick, instead of publishing this incomplete and ill-digested book, had given the Catalogue just referred to, and the other catalogues which he enumerates in his preface as existing in manuscript or unpublished print, had added what documents he thought best from the College archives, and had annotated the whole carefully—if, in short, he had done what the editors of *Collectanea* have done—he would have produced a book which would have defied criticism, and which might have been of the greatest interest and value. It is, we submit, not the business of an Historical Society to assist in reprinting magazine articles.

MORE HOME LETTERS FROM LORD BEACONSFIELD.*

THESE letters are not, properly speaking, Lord Beaconsfield's letters at all. The last of them was written nearly a quarter of a century before the great commoner received his well-won coronet. "To some," writes Mr. Ralph Disraeli in his terse and sensible preface, "they may seem egotistical; but it must be remembered that they were written, without thought of publication, to a sister who fully believed in the writer's power." The editor explains why the letters are not continued to a later date; and he is almost, if not entirely, justified in the hope he expresses in excellent taste and in less excellent grammar, that "in the letters as published there is nothing to give personal annoyance to any one, this being so often forgotten in the Memoirs of the present day."

We learn from the first letter that at the beginning of the year 1832 the future statesman was comfortably settled in Duke Street enjoying the popularity of *Contarini Fleming* and the society of Bulwer Lytton, Count D'Orsay, and of Mrs. Norton who assured him one day that her elder brother was the only decent member

* Lord Beaconsfield's Correspondence with his Sister 1832-1852. London: John Murray. 1886.

of her family, and that he was indebted for his respectability to a liver complaint. Young Disraeli was not unwilling to be lionized by clever men and pretty women; but he shrank from the full-blown flattery of the lady whom Thackeray calls Mrs. Crnor, and from the suburban charms of L. E. L., who was considered a sort of tenth Muse in the year of the first Reform Bill, but whose memory is kept green more by the unsolved mystery of her death than by the poems which thrilled our grandparents. For the first Lord Lytton Mr. Disraeli seems to have entertained a mixed feeling of admiration and good-natured contempt. He laughs at him for being "sumptuous and fantastic." He is at least as much pleased as pained when the author of *Paul Clifford* tells him that "he thinks his speech the finest in the world, and his novel" (*Henrietta Temple*) "the very worst." Candour creates candour, as love begets love. Of *Richelieu* the future Prime Minister writes:—"Bulwer's play is very successful; but, as a composition, I hear it is poor stuff. It is, in fact, written by Macready, who has left out all the author's poetry which is not verse, and philosophy which is not prose." In one letter we read that "Colburn is in high spirits about *Henrietta Temple*. He says he shall not be content unless he works it up like *Pelham*." Few facts are so calculated to weaken our respect for our immediate ancestors as the fact that Mr. Pelham, the veriest but most unconscious snob in all fiction, was accepted by them as the flawless portrait of a finished gentleman. That he was the nearest approach to a gentleman it was in the author's nature to conceive almost justifies the recorded opinion of a cynical critic that "Lord Lytton was the most perfect specimen of a clever snob that this country, so prolific in clever snobs, has produced." In the spring of 1832, when dining at Lord Eliot's, Mr. Disraeli sat between Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Herries:—"Peel was most gracious. . . . By-the-by, I observed that he attacked his turbot most entirely with his knife, so that Walker's story in *The Original* is true." When he wrote the *Vindication of the British Constitution* he sent a copy of the work to Peel, and "the most jealous, frigid, and haughty of men" acknowledges the compliment in a tone of lofty approval. In 1837 "Peel welcomed me very warmly, and asked me to join a small party at the Carlton on Thursday." At this dinner he records, "Peel took wine with me." When Mr. Disraeli made his famous maiden speech, which he himself frankly admitted to be a failure—"No such thing," said Lord Chandos; "you are quite wrong. I have just seen Peel, and I said to him, 'Now tell me exactly what you think of D.' Peel replied, 'Some of my party were disappointed, and talk of failure. I say just the reverse. He did all he could do under the circumstances. I say anything but failure. He must make his way.'" Two years afterwards we read:—

I dined at Peel's, and came late, having mistaken the hour. I found some twenty-five gentlemen grubbing in solemn silence. I threw a shot over the table and set them going, and in time they became even noisier. Peel, I think, was quite pleased that I broke the awful stillness, as he talked to me a good deal, though we were far removed.

A manly self-confidence is one of the signs of genius. Only silly persons confound this noble conviction of power with the vanity of a man whose self-complacency is merely grafted on conceit. When we read the glorious boast of Shakespeare that "not marble, not the gilded monuments of princes shall outlive this powerful rhyme," the fact that Mr. Tupper has frequently expressed an equally robust faith in his own immortality does not make the older bard's self-estimation ridiculous. Events proved that the words written with lofty audacity, and in confidence, to a beloved sister by Mr. Disraeli in 1833, while as yet a mere listener to the debates in the Strangers' Gallery of the House of Commons, were neither fatuous nor self-flattering:—

Bulwer spoke, but he is physically disqualified for an orator, and, in spite of all his exertions, never can succeed. Heard Macaulay's best speech, Sheil and Charles Grant. Macaulay admirable, but between ourselves I could floor them all. This *entre nous*; I was never more confident of anything than that I could carry everything before me in that House. The time will come.

After his unfortunate *début*, which the world called a failure, and which the wise few knew to be a precursor of success, he was greatly cheered by the comforting words of a great orator bitterly opposed to him in politics. Sheil told a "group of low Rads," who thought to curry favour with him by abusing the new Tory member:—"Disraeli's is no failure. It is a crush. My *début* was a failure because I was heard; but my reception was supercilious, his malignant. A *début* should be dull. The House will not allow a man to be a wit and an orator unless they have the credit of finding it out. I long to know him." They met. "You have courage, temper, and readiness," said the elder man; "get rid of your genius for a season. Speak often, for you must not show yourself cowed, but speak shortly. . . . Astonish them by speaking on subjects of detail. Quote figures, dates, calculations, and in a short time the House will sigh for the wit and eloquence which they all know are in you; they will encourage you to pour them forth, and then you will have the ear of the House and be a favourite." The shrewd Irishman was right. It was not long before "poor little Milnes plastered him with compliments," and "Peel cheered and Graham applauded his speech on Copyright."

It is not our province to retell the oft-told tale of the writer's rapid, but not too rapid, progress to fame and greatness. In his memorable quarrel with the O'Connells, he had already, and before he was a member of the House, won universal praise for his conduct and courage, the Duke of Wellington assuring Lord Strangford that "it was the most manly thing done yet," and

asking when he would come into Parliament. Some time afterwards Mr. Disraeli speaks with honest pride of the cordiality of his reception by the great Duke. Foolish persons who have believed and echoed the cuckoo cry that the writer of these delightful letters was an adventurer to whose undoubted abilities the great folks of the earth gave a grudging recognition will perhaps open their eyes with surprise when they find him as far back as 1842 dining with kings *en petit comité*, when, on account of Court mourning, no other guest was invited, and making the tour of the Tuilleries with Louis Philippe himself as cicerone. Ill-conditioned scribes are still fond of talking of the late Prince Consort's distrust and dislike of Mr. Disraeli. Let them ponder over the writer's own words:—

On Sunday I was two hours with the Prince—a very gracious and interesting audience. He has great abilities and wonderful knowledge. I think him the best-educated man I ever met, most completely trained and not over-educated for his intellect, which is energetic and lively.

Prince Metternich had long been his friend. The future Emperor of the French almost upset him in a boat by his bad rowing. In 1849 the Dukes of Richmond and Newcastle urged on him the leadership of the House of Commons. Lord John Russell wrote to the Queen a letter in high praise of his speech on the landed interest, and "Palmerston was still warmer." But perhaps the greeting he received from Mr. Croker will chiefly take aback readers of *Coningsby* and persons who still believe in the vindictive acrimony of the man whom Mr. Jennings has so completely cleansed of the mud lavishly thrown on him by Lord Macaulay, Miss Martineau, and the Whig scribblers of the last generation.

In a letter written in February 1851 we read:—

Croker met me and nearly embraced me. I hardly recognized him. He said the speech was the speech of a statesman, and the reply was the reply of a wit.

There are scores of *bons mots* of the author and of his friends in this pleasant volume which we should like to quote. Interesting anecdotes are as thick as September blackberries in a Devonshire lane. The writer's comments on men and manners, always shrewd, almost always witty, and never ill-natured, should be read in the book itself and not strung together as extracts.

A generous love of praise is the usual concomitant of greatness; but perhaps so many flattering speeches would not have been repeated except in writing out of the fulness of the heart to a beloved sister to whom her correspondent knew that every word of praise of her brother would be sweeter than honey or the honeycomb. He knew that she would love to hear how eagerly Sydney Smith sought the acquaintance of the author of *Coningsby*; how Mrs. Jameson told his publisher that "reading *Alroy* was like riding an Arab"; how the most discerning appreciator of *Centaurini* was old Mme. d'Arbly, who had written *Evelina* so long before he was born; how Lord John Russell wrote him "a charming letter" in praise of his *Life of Lord George Bentinck*; how great folks praised his speeches. Even persons best acquainted with the versatility of Mr. Disraeli's genius will hardly be prepared to learn that he was on occasion a fast rider to hounds. In 1834 he writes:—"I hunted the other day with Sir Henry Smythe's hounds, and, although not in pink, was the best-mounted man in the field, riding an Arabian mare which I nearly killed; a run of thirty miles and I stopped at nothing." He gives excellent reasons to prove that smoking is "a very moral habit," and he ascribes his popularity in the House to the smoking-room. Of Mr. Gladstone there is but slight mention in these letters. Under the date of February 1845 the writer observes:—"Gladstone was involved and ineffective; he may have an *avenir*, but I hardly think it. With Stanley and Follett gone, Peel will have a weak Treasury Bench for debate."

The letters from Paris in 1842 are especially interesting. We have alluded to his flattering reception by the King of the French. The appearance of Queen Marie Amélie is well described in a dozen words, "She is tall and sad, with white hair—a dignified and graceful phantom." He draws a lively picture of the masquerade ball at the Opera, to which he went in company with M. Odillon-Barrot and that statesman's son and daughter-in-law:—"Fancy me walking about in such a dissolute devilry, and with Odillon-Barrot, of all men in the world, who, though an excellent fellow, is as severe as a *vieux parlementaire* at the time of the Fronde." Our one comfort in having to leave unquoted the many other passages we had marked for citation is that there remain in the dainty dish Mr. Ralph Disraeli has provided for us at least as many more rich plums as we have taken out of it.

In speaking of one of the many serious illnesses of the great Duke the late Prime Minister says:—"I always hold that no one is ever missed; but he is so great a man that the world will perhaps fancy his loss irreparable." Englishmen who love their country and foreigners who once had reason to believe in her greatness will think that nearly such an irreparable loss befell the land on the 19th of April, 1831. But, at any rate, we may say—

Semper honos nomenque suum laudesque manebunt.

REMINISCENCES OF YARROW.*

YARROW, or the Vale of Yarrow, is even now not very much visited by tourists, and, while most of the Border country has been spoiled, preserves a good deal of its early beauty and

* *Reminiscences of Yarrow.* By James Russell, D.D. London: Blackwood & Sons. 1886.

simplicity. St. Mary's Loch, from which the Yarrow flows, is a central point between four manufacturing towns—Selkirk, Hawick, Peebles, and Moffat—and is distant nearly twenty miles from each of them. A circle drawn, with the loch for the centre and these towns on the circumference, would include a pastoral hill-country entirely free from railways. In summer it is traversed daily from east to west by coaches; but from north to south, from Hawick, past the loch, to Peebles, no public conveyance runs, and the loneliness is admirable. Being so remote from towns, there are, happily, no manufacturing "mills" on Yarrow, and the Cairngorm-coloured water is as clear as any stream in the world. The trout, however, are pretty nearly extinct, thanks to the spirited exertions of poachers with nets or with salmon-roe. The very burns are by no means what they were; and the Ettrick Shepherd would not take a cartload, all of the size of herrings, out of Meggat, which flows into the north side of St. Mary's Loch. Even in the loch itself, since Lord Napier lost his lawsuit and boats became common; the trout are highly educated. In former times, however much fished the banks might be, a wandering trout from the centre would come in occasionally and take the fly. But now they are all well acquainted with the look of hair-lug and woodcock-wing. Because the sport is so bad, and because hotels exist not (except Tibbie Shiel's old cottage and the inn at Rodono), tourists and anglers give Yarrow a wide berth, and it remains (if you are not ambitious of trout) as pleasant a pastoral home as Professor Fraser says that he finds it. Professor Fraser has edited the literary remains of the late Mr. Russell, the minister of Yarrow, who succeeded his father in that holy office. The two Russells occupied for almost a whole century the manse of Yarrow, and the Reminiscences of the younger have a good deal of interest, at least for the Scotch reader. The Southron may think them rather garrulous on the family dinner-parties of the Forest farmers; but even he, by judicious skipping, will find a good deal to amuse in these records of an upland parish.

In the beginning of the century, when the elder Russell, in long round ringlets called "cannons," preached and married and buried, Yarrow was nearly as much out of the world as Afghanistan. The people were in most ways self-sufficing. They spun and wove the stuff for their own clothing, like Theagenis, the lady whom Theocritus presented with the ivory distaff. "The big wheel and the little wheel were *birring* in every parlour and kitchen, and throwing off abundance of woollen and linen yarn to be worked up for family purposes. The home-made clothing had infinitely more *biel'd*" (protective power) "and more durability than the fine broadcloth which now comes out with such finish from the manufactory."

The farmhouses are now very respectable dwellings, built of stone, with plenty of rooms and resonant with pianos. At the beginning of the century they were "thatched, small, and low-roofed." Apparently they consisted of "a but and a ben"—a sitting-room, a kitchen, a bedroom, and attics. At Foulshiel, where Mungo Park, the African traveller, was born, the ruins of the cottage display this thrifty arrangement. There must have been box-beds in the walls of the sitting-room, as may still be seen by the hardy angler, doomed to a light creel, who stays at Tibbie Shiel's. Bowerhope, which the well-remembered tenant, Sandy Cunningham, preferred to heaven, was a house of this kind, so low-roofed that the elder Mr. Russell, a tall man, had to stand between two of the rafters at the "Exhortations." The cottages of the labourers were horrible hovels. When we hear so much of the hardness of these times, agricultural depression, and the rest, we may as well remember what sort of material appliances were good enough for the grandfathers of the present race of Scotch farmers. These bare hillsides and unfertile "haughs" can never have yielded a very opulent life. The new markets and the leaping and bounding prosperity of the middle of the century enabled a generation to live in much greater comfort than their fathers. But, as times harden and prices find a lower level, there will inevitably be a return to the old poverty without the old content. People who have known better things cannot go back to "buts" and "bens," or find paradise in black, low-roofed cottages full of peat-reek. The roads in Yarrow are now excellent, but they used to be mere tracks, and bridges were all but unknown. Any one who walks from Meggat Bridge to Rodono will see, some way up the hill on his right, the boggy bridle-path along which some of the Highlanders marched in the Forty-five. An old woman died in 1848 who remembered concealing household property at Braxholme, on the Teviot, when the Highlanders were expected. She had seen the whole circle of change in this district, from days when the clan system prevailed in the North to days of roads and railways.

At the beginning of the century leases, like bridges, were scarcely known in Yarrow. Yet "tenants had no scruple in improving their farms," for all men could trust the Buccleugh of that day. The farms on the Buccleugh estates have been handed from father to son in many cases for centuries, and in old Satchell's account of the clan of Scott you find the ancient names where you find them now—Scotts, Grievies, Turnbells, and (older dwellers in these parts than the Scotts) the Douglasses. The "kain" and other hard incidents used to press on the Yarrow farmer. He had to present his landlord with so many fowls every year, and give a "darg," or day's work, when it was required. In some leases a certain amount of spun yarn was stipulated for, and "thirlage," restriction to the laird's mill when corn was to be ground, was familiar. Probably the name "Thirlstane" is derived from the site of one of these

mills. Doubtless in the old years farmers found any sort of payment more convenient than payment in money.

In a controversy between Lord Napier and Ettrick and the Duke of Argyll, which arose out of the Crofter Commission, the Duke endeavoured to show that Yarrow, like the Highlands, had once been much more populous than it is at present. Mr. Russell also says that "the valleys seem to have been more thickly peopled than now." There is a MS. of 1649, by Elliot of Stobs, and Scott of Arkilton, in which we read that the water of Yarrow, "passing the lochs, hath on either side many villages and gentleman's houses." Except Yarrow Fens, where are the villages? Across the hills, on the Ettrick side, is the old tower of Kirkhope, in front of which there existed thirty-five houses. Mr. Russell finds many more remains of hamlets and houses. Possibly the climate was better then, and corn not a rare exotic, something like the orchid. Cairns and towers on Yarrow have been destroyed by improving people of every sort, and even Newark was partially ruined by an intelligent factor, and afterwards partially rebuilt. Of Deuchart and Catslack towers (the latter noted for a very picturesque homicide in the Stuart times) scarcely any visible remains survive. The old tower of Buccleugh at the mouth of the "cleugh" where "the buck was ta'en" in the eponymous myth has absolutely vanished. Two large unhewn stones do remain in Yarrow and are visible from the road. Tradition says that they mark the site of a battle, and it is certain that a half-defaced Latin inscription was found on a rock in the neighbourhood. But there is no evidence as to the date of the uninscribed stones; similar monuments have been erected in the Highlands within living memory. Probably not much superstition, of an interesting character at least, survives in Yarrow. The Ettrick Shepherd printed, and probably embellished, all the legends and odd beliefs he could find. Then the Disruption cut a new channel for superstition, which flowed into a course of bitter and prejudiced dissent. When the Dissenters were compelled (their own meeting-house being under repair) to listen to their own minister in "the Auld Kirk," they styled their evangelical repast "a good meal out of a dirty dish." One man used to walk twenty-five miles to some conventicle at Midlem. But our faith in human nature compels us to believe that "there" (namely, at Midlem) "the bonny lassie lived, the lassie he lo'd best." This, of course, puts quite a different complexion on conduct that has all the appearance of bigotry. Old Gaberlunzie like Edie Ochiltree still pervaded the parish within Mr. Russell's memory. One of them composed a very pleasing ballad, a kind of poetical itinerary of the country side, which is quoted by the editor of Mr. Russell's Reminiscences:—

The braw lads o' Fawdonside,
The lasses o' the Peel,
And when ye gang to Fairnielea,
Ye'll ca' at Ashiestiel.

Indeed, no one could do better. From Faldonside came one of the murderers of Rizzio. The Peel is at the foot of a burn flowing into Tweed hard by Ashiestiel. Ashiestiel, again, is inseparably connected with the memory of Scott in his best and happiest days. Fernielea is a most beautiful ruined old château, deeply set among trees, and turns its back to the Tweed opposite the house of Yair.

*Nos nec tam patiens Lacedæmon
Nec tam Lariæ percussit campus opimæ
Quam domus Fernielea.*

Mr. Russell's recollections of Yarrow in his own ministry are perhaps less interesting than what he can recall of his father's days. But the following account of a Yarrow boarding-school is well worth quoting:—

The great secret of the uniform good health of the boarders was their wholesome foot and open-air exercise. The daily programme was generally this: "Up in the morning early;" the boarders turned out to the riverside as their lavatory, and, with soap and sand, had a good scrubbing there. After an hour's trouting, they returned, hungry as hawks, and adjourned to the front door as their breakfast-parlour, where there were a series of *duises* (raised sod-seats), on which they established themselves. To this their breakfast was brought, in the form of substantial porridge, served out in large wooden trenchers, one of which sufficed to supply four, by cutting it into quarters with a knife, each consuming his own section. Some of those wooden bickers were bought by my mother at Mr. Scott's roup, for holding pigs' meat—

"To what base uses we may return, Horatio!"

Dinner, generally of broth and beef, was served up on one of the long school tables at 1 P.M., after which many of the youngsters bolted off to the playground or "Clinty Pool," for bathing and swimming. The lessons over for the evening, all the rods were on the river again till dusk; so that, with so much oxygen and exercise through the day, the young fellows could pass the few hours of sleep, even in a crowded, ill-ventilated room, with impunity.

There were trout in Yarrow then, though Mr. Thomas Todd Stoddart bewailed their absence in a vernacular ditty. Probably the fish had been still more plentiful in his father's time. It appears that char ("red wames," they were called) used to be taken in St. Mary's Loch, whence they have completely disappeared, perhaps victims of the pike. They were only taken, and then in great numbers, in the fifty yards of stream which unite St. Mary's and the Loch o' the Lowes. All this is recorded in the MS. of 1649. Mr. Russell is uncertain as to the derivation of Lowes, and suggests that it may mean "lochs"; we had fancied that it was connected with *luce*, the pike or water-wolf. A large proportion of the local names are Gaelic, sadly corrupted, but still intelligible. The Highland schoolmaster, Mr. McAllister, at St. Mary's can interpret these old words, and can also tell the story of the Big

Trout of St. Mary's, which we shall not spoil by any attempt at repeating it here. Indeed, it is too long, as an epic narrative ought to be, for anything but oral recitation.

We have by no means exhausted the pleasant memories collected in Mr. Russell's volume, which, perhaps, might have been shortened with advantage, but which, after all, is full of good reading. Some one ought to do as much for Ettrick, with its famous ministers, the Bostons. However, all that is of value will doubtless appear in Mr. Craig Brown's promised *History of Ettrick Forest*.

ANDERSON'S PICTORIAL ARTS OF JAPAN.*

THIS sumptuous folio is the first instalment of what promises to be the most complete and authoritative account as yet produced of that strange and delightful manifestation of human sentiment and the human mind which is known as Japanese Art. Alike in form and in matter the work is worthy its theme; and when it is completed—as it will be with the publication of the fourth part—it will be a book to cherish as a work of art as well as a book to read. The issue for England and America is limited to eleven hundred copies—a hundred "artist's proof" and a thousand "ordinary"—and, as the publishers bind themselves not to produce a cheap edition, to its other shining qualities there will be added that of rarity. What is more to the purpose is that its illustrations alone are enough to make it priceless. With innumerable woodcuts in the text, they include some eighty plates, in *photogravure* and chromolithography, and in etching and wood-engraving by native craftsmen. As every one has been chosen to elucidate some particular point or some special quality, the full collection may pretend, with some show of reason, to be representative of the whole range of Japanese pictorial art, from its beginnings some ten centuries ago to its final developments in the hands of Hiroshigé and Yōsai.

Mr. Anderson has the immense advantage over all those who have preceded him in the consideration of his subject of having studied it on the spot, and of knowing it with a knowledge personally sought and acquired, and not derived from the hearsay of experts or the reports of books. Even M. Louis Gonsa, whose magnificent publication, *L'Art Japonais*, was in its time the fullest and most intelligent existing account of the arts of Japan, knew only what he had been able to learn in Paris, with the assistance of the *Asiatic Quarterly*, of certain native scholars, and of certain private collectors of Japanese wares. Mr. Anderson has had far better opportunities, and his results are proportionately more interesting and more valuable. It was his fortune, as we have said, to live long in Japan, and there to form that admirable collection, some three or four thousand pieces strong, which was added not long since to the treasures in the custody of the Keeper of the Prints at the British Museum, and which, when at last it is opened to the public, will present a summary as nearly as possible complete—at all events, a hundred-fold more complete than any other, in Japan or out of it—of the whole pictorial achievement of the Japanese. How thoroughly he has mastered his subject we shall hardly know until the appearance of that official *Catalogue* of which he is announced as the author on the title-page of the present work. But a cursory glance at the general scheme of *The Pictorial Arts of Japan*, as set forth in his prospectus, will show what we may expect, and what he is prepared to give. His first issue, now under consideration, is devoted to the "General History" of his subject, from the mythological or prehistoric period down to the Shijō Rū and the Ukiyo-Yō Rū—the Popular and Naturalistic Schools—of recent years. In his second number, the "Technique of Pictorial Art," he will treat of the materials—as paper, silk, wood, colours, inks, brushes, silver, gold—and of the several plastic methods and devices which the Japanese artist was accustomed to employ. In his third section he promises to explain the "Forms and Purposes of Pictorial Art":—*kakimono*s and *mekimono*s, albums and flying sheets, fans and lacquers and porcelains, engravings on wood and copper and stone, all the forms (in a word) which have dealt delight to the Japanese amateur, from the days of Nanrū, the Chinese, and his Imperial patron, the legendary Yuriakū. His fourth and last part will deal with "Characteristics" only:—as the calligraphic ideal and the imitative qualities of Japanese design; the absence of chiaroscuro and the substitutes that appear in its place; the laws of colour, composition, perspective; the conditions and aims of landscape and figure-painting and the representation of still life; with the conventions by which they are governed and the various sorts of symbolism with which their practice is eked out and extended. In addition to all this, there will be a note on Japanese art-criticism; and, finally—what is of infinitely greater importance—a sketch of the history and characteristics of the pictorial arts of the Chinese. Such, in brief, is Mr. Anderson's project; such are the problems he proposes to discuss and the difficulties he is prepared to explain. It need hardly be remarked that here, for the first time in literature, we may look to have a logical and complete account of Japanese art, with an intimate analysis of the methods it has employed, the principles by which it has been dominated, the conditions under which it has been produced, and the manifold aims and ends to which it has been adapted. It is therefore safe enough to assume that, taken in conjunction with the *Catalogue* (which will, no doubt, treat largely and minutely

of motives as well as artists and schools, of myths and legends and beliefs, in a word, the romantic quality of everything portrayed in the books and pictures to the elucidation of which it is devoted), the present work will constitute a real *corpus* of Japanese art-history and art-criticism, which will enable us to understand where before we have but vaguely admired, and bring us into some such touch with Hokusai and Chō Densu as that we have with Daumier and Raphael.

It is something of a feat to summarize the history of a thousand years of art in the compass of sixty-four folio pages; and this feat Mr. Anderson has accomplished in the letterpress of his first issue. His narrative, while necessarily in outline, is remarkable for clearness and continuity. He begins at the beginning of things, with the Coreans and the Chinese—the sculptors those, and these the painters, of primitive Japan; and he passes on to discuss the foundation of the earliest of the so-called native schools, at the hands of Kōsē no Kanaoka, who flourished in the ninth century, worked in the manner of Wu Tao-tsz', the great Chinese master, and established a style and tradition—chiefly of religious painting—which survived, through an unbroken line of pupils, until as late as six hundred years after his death. Kanaoka's descendants, aided (in the eleventh century) by the genius of a certain Fugiwara no Motomitsu, achieved the next departure from antique and alien tradition in the foundation of the Yamato school, which, under the influence of the master, Tsurūnaka, a couple of hundred years afterwards became the school of Tosa, and at one or other of its periods is regarded by certain enthusiasts as the choicest and most respectable form of Japanese pictorial art. In the twelfth century begins the line of native caricaturists, the artists of the Toba-yō, the pictures first made by Kakuyū, the Abbot of Toba; in the fifteenth century comes the culmination of Buddhistic art, in the hands of the monk Chō Densu, a kind of Japanese Angelico, with the Chinese renaissance effected by the priest Jōsetsu and his three great pupils, Shūbun, Sesshū, and Kano Masanobu; then, some decades later, the foundation of the famous and influential Kano School by the illustrious Motonobu; and so to the faint beginnings (circ. 1550) under Matahei, a pupil of the Tosa masters, of the Ukiyo-yō Rū, the Popular School, which, revived a century later by the inspiration of the genius of Hishigawa Moronobu (1646-1717), the first of a great race of illustrators and draughtsmen for the block, was destined, in the hands of such men as Katsugawa Shunsho, the Toyokuni, and the admirable Hokusai, to be regarded, in Europe at least, not merely as the most national and autochthonic of the many modes of Japanese painting, but as Japanese painting itself. The Japanese themselves, it may here be noted, think otherwise. They will have nothing to do with the painters of the Ukiyo-yō, and as little with those of the Shijō and Gankei schools which have developed side by side with the great foundation of Moronobu. For their experts the purest and most precious art is that most thoroughly possessed by the Chinese inspiration and most firmly established on the Chinese convention. To them the movement initiated anew by the genius of Moronobu is a backsliding and a disaster; such artists as Hokusai, the very type of gusto and fecundity, as Yōsai, the perfectly accomplished, are but apostates from the faith, but traitors to the good cause; the wonderful theatrical studies of Katsugawa Shunsho (whose chromo-xylographs are among the perfections of art), the charming landscapes of Hiroshigé and Bunrin, the swift and brilliant studies—of birds, and plants, and animals—of the Shijō masters are in every respect incomparable with the Rishis and Amitābhas of Chō Densu, the romantic inventions of Sesshū and Shūbun, the finely conventionalized work of Meichō—are to these, indeed, what a Catnach woodcut is to a Marcantonio print or a canvas of Raphael. The fact is, indeed, that, without the Chinese influence and example, Japanese art would not have existed at all or would have existed on far other lines and to far other purpose than we know. Mr. Anderson is a little inclined to make common cause with liberty against convention, with the purely Japanese Turners and Gainsboroughs against the Sinico-Japanese Claudes and Corots. But the fact remains as we have said, and its establishment as a commonplace of æsthetics is due to him alone. With the verification of the presence in Japanese art of Greek, or rather Græco-Indian, influences, it is perhaps the most suggestive of the many new lights he has cast upon what has been hitherto the most obscure and complex question in art literature.

Of the illustrations there would, had we but space, be ever so much to say. For delicacy and brilliance mingled, the chromolithographs (by Greve of Berlin) are the best we have seen; the reproductions in *photogravure* (by Lemercier of Paris) are not so good, but are good enough. The examples taken are of all ages and schools. Here in the first page are the two magnificent Dēva Kings, the Brahma and Indra of the Temple of Kobakugi—carved in wood by an unknown Corean sculptor in the seventh century—anatomically correct as the work of Michelangelo, and in some sort, moreover, recalling it by their extraordinary quality of sentiment; here on the last is a charming piece of the Naturalistic School done by the master Mori Ippō, who flourished some thirty or forty years ago. One of the prettiest and most pleasing is the "Lake Biwa" of Bunrin (ob. 1875), a moonlight which will bear comparison with the brightest and happiest of Mr. Whistler's etchings, and may be profitably contrasted by the student of style with two admirable romantic landscapes, dating from the fifteenth century, by Soga Jasoku; one of the most astonishing is the representation in *photogravure* of another Dēva King, one of the warders of the Temple of Tōdaiji, attri-

* *The Pictorial Arts of Japan*. By William Anderson, F.R.A.S. Section I. London: Sampson Low. 1886.

buted to a certain Anami Kwaikēi (eleventh century) and described, with its companion, as "the most stupendous examples of glyptic art in the far East." The conventions of the Buddhist School are completely represented in an "Arhat" in colours by Meichō (1352-1427), in a couple of sketch-portraits in black and white, of the Arhats Bhadrā and Panthaka, by the same master, and in an "Amitābha" painted by the Abbot of Zōjōji in the early part of the present century. Of Kano Motonobu there is a monochrome, excellent in draughtsmanship and expression, of the Rishi Chung-li K'uan, embarked upon his sword, as on a raft, in a gale of wind and a (conventional) heavy sea. Quite wonderful in its way is the "Thousand Carp" of Inagaki (1840); and to be well considered, first as a piece of colour, and then as a piece of ideal portraiture, is the "Jigoku Reigan" of Haruki Nammei, a presentment of that notorious person as she appeared to the contemporaries of her master and friend, "the talented, but eccentric, priest, painter, and poet, Ikkiū," with an armoury of pins in her hair, and about her the legendary robe, bespattered with the torments of the damned, which won her the dreadful name—"Hell" Reigan—she bore. There is a good quaint caricature by Hanabusa Itahō (1651-1728), and a capital "Deer and Monkey" by Mori Sosen (1747-1821), the famous animal painter; while of Hokusai (1759-1848) we have a woodcut of unsurpassed accomplishment and suggestiveness, and an almost tragic intensity of effect; and of his greatest contemporary, the gifted Yōsai (1787-1859) there is a wonderful little monochrome, "Hadōsu slaying the Korean Tiger," almost Greek in its severe simplicity of effect and its sober perfection of means, and showing a command and an economy of tone and line within the reach of none but the greatest masters in art.

And, finally, in a sense most interesting of all, here are certain examples of the convention and accomplishment of the Chinese masters, who, as we have noted, are primarily responsible for so much of what is good and vital in the artistic achievement of Japan. One has but to turn to them from Mr. Anderson's specimens of the Chinese renaissance in Japan—the landscapes of Soga Jasoku and the sketches by Sesshiū himself and a painter of the Sesshiū school—to recognize, not only the magnitude of the obligation incurred by the younger civilization to the older one, but also the fact that in seven centuries the pupil had not in any way improved upon the practice of the master. Here, for instance, are a couple of sketches by Muh-ki—one of a dragon and one of a common crow—which date from the eleventh century, and which, for boldness of hand, suggestiveness and spirit of touch, and completeness of effect, are really not to be excelled. Here, too, is a "Nirvāna," by Wu Tao-tsz', a vast and crowded composition as prodigal of invention and significance as the most complex of the painted epics of the West. Here, above all, is a romantic landscape—a Chinese Poussin, as it were—by the same great master, large in style, broad in treatment, in selection masterly, and most solemn and majestic in effect. Both these last were done some eleven hundred years ago.

THE DEPRESSION IN TRADE.*

OF the essays sent in by the competitors for the "Pears' Prize" two have been selected and published, with an introduction by Professor Leone Levi. The essays are good in their way; but they are historical rather than analytical. They sketch the main features of the depression and the events which immediately led up to it; but they do not trace the ultimate causes. After all, over-production itself stands as much in need of explanation as does depression. And Professor Leone Levi's introductory paper does not supply the defect of the essays. It points out, what has been done in full detail by Mr. Giffen in his examination of the prices of the exports, that the depression really is not due to any falling off in our trade. In quantity the trade of the country is as large as ever. It is the fall of prices which constitutes the depression. The currency theory which has been put forward to account for the fall in prices Professor L. Levi and the two essayists reject, whether in the extreme form of bimetalism or in the more scientific guise of the appreciation of gold, as argued by Mr. Goschen and Mr. Giffen. They admit, of course, that a fall in prices implies that the purchasing power of gold has increased; for, gold being the money in which all prices are stated, if prices fall, the purchasing power of gold must have risen. But it does not follow that the appreciation of gold is the cause of the depreciation of commodities and securities; and we have never seen it proved to our satisfaction that there is, in fact, any real scarcity of gold. It seems to us that the fall in prices admits of a very simple explanation. Prices depend much more upon the state of credit than on the amount of the currency. When credit is good, speculation prevails, and prices rise. When credit is bad, speculation fails, and prices fall. But the permanence or the rapid recovery of speculation depends upon a reasonable prospect of profit from the enterprises entered into. And in Western Europe for many years past there has been no such reasonable prospect of profit as would justify a long continued and frequently recurring speculation. In the United States it is different. There was a great collapse there in 1873; but there was a great revival in 1879. In the interval population and wealth had grown so rapidly

that the country stood in need of a great extension of the railway system. With the building of railways there came into operation a set of causes that justified a general rise of prices, and there followed three years of extraordinary prosperity. The speculation was overdone, as it always is, and a collapse ensued. But already at the end of another three years we see a great revival set in. In the interval population and wealth have grown rapidly. Traffic now exists for railways which could not pay a little while ago, and the great railway magnates in every direction have arranged amongst themselves to get into fewer hands the competing railways, and so manage them that they shall not injure one another. We are on the eve apparently, then, of another era of prosperity in the United States, in which railway building will be again pushed forward and prices of all kinds will rise. But railway building has practically been completed in Western Europe for many years past; and, therefore, we have not that exciting and sufficient cause on which to base frequently recurring and extreme speculations. That being so, prices necessarily must rule lower than they did in years when railways were being built in great numbers and other public works were being pushed forward in every direction. Of course, many other causes have combined to intensify the depression. These are clearly and well pointed out in the essays before us; but they would have been neutralized long since had there been the same demand for English coal and iron that existed fifteen or twenty years ago, and also the same demand for English capital. Whenever such a demand for the instruments of production and for capital springs up, prices will rise, as they did thirty years ago, and another era of great prosperity will follow. For example, if the great Empire of China is opened up by railways, it is probable that the construction will be undertaken by English capital, and that there will be a great demand for English iron. If there is, we shall see a renewal of the advance of prosperity "by leaps and bounds."

THE NEW ENGLISH DICTIONARY—PART II.*

CONSIDERABLE delay has taken place between the appearance of the first and the second parts of the Philological Society's Dictionary. The delay is in itself to be regretted, but it is mainly due to a cause which will in the long run more than compensate for any such passing drawback. Part of the time is accounted for by the removal of the editor, with his whole staff and apparatus, to Oxford, where not only communication with the University Press is more prompt and free, but the resources of the Bodleian are at hand for the supply of such deficiencies in literary illustration as may be discovered during the progress of the work. And it is now announced with something like confidence that the succeeding parts will be published at intervals of only six months. The first word in the present Part is *Anta* (the reader may guess what that is if he is not an architect); the last is *Battening*. Very many difficult and curious words lie between; so many that this Part appears to us to excel the first, if anything, in historical and philological interest. We should like nothing better than to wander in a desultory fashion over this field; but our time and the reader's patience are finite, and it therefore seems advisable to make a selection on some distinct principle.

It so happens that in this part there is a goodly show of legal and forensic terms, of which several have an obscure origin and a perplexed history. This is a department in which the current dictionaries, even the best, notably fail. They constantly omit words and usages not less important than those which they insert. And the explanations of those which are inserted are apt to be taken without verification from the law dictionaries and abridgments of the Restoration period—which is as much as to say that they are seldom better than guesswork, and often demonstrably wrong. Dr. Murray has gone to work very differently. No stone has been left unturned to arrive at the real genealogy of technical meanings, and their relations both to the popular meanings of the terms, where such exist, and to one another.

Armour is not exactly a law term; but there is an excuse for pausing on it. In the sense of warlike accoutrement in general, it is said, perhaps with excess of caution, to be obsolete except in law. Tomlins's Law Dictionary (at no time accounted a book of any authority) is hardly enough to establish the exception. Let us note in passing that the etymological spelling would be *armure*, and the Americans can cite a sixteenth-century author for the form *armor* commonly used by their printers along with *neighbor* (again plausibly defensible) and the wantonly re-Latinized *honor, labor*, and the like. Yet the pedantry of writing *debt* for *dett*, with which we are hopelessly saddled, is worse than any of these. *Arraign* is a curious word, or rather curious for being two words. In the senses of calling to account, accusing, or disputing, it represents the mediæval Latin *adrationare*, from which it is produced through a regular series of French and Anglo-French or "law-French" forms. But in the phrase "arraign an assize" it stands for *adhamire*, the Latinized form of a solemn word of Teutonic procedure, apparently connected in its origin with some symbolic action. Coke's gloss "to set the cause in such order as the tenant may be enforced to answer thereunto," as if it had something to do with a notion of imploding which might be got out of *adrationare*, shows the

* *The Present Depression in Trade; its Causes and Remedies.* By Edwin Goschen and William Watt. With an Introductory Paper by Professor Leone Levi, F.S.A., F.S.S. London: Chatto & Windus.

* *A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles; founded mainly on the materials collected by the Philological Society.* Edited by James A. H. Murray, LL.D. Part II. Ant—Batten. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

confusion at work; while the language of "Termes de la Ley" ("arraine is to put a thing in order or in his place") savours of some fancied affinity with yet another wholly different word, *array* (Lat. *arredare*), as used in the phrase "to array a panel." Dr. Murray's "appeal to, claim, demand" may have some authority more than he exhibits; but from those which are exhibited we should have thought "institute," in the sense in which we now speak of instituting a lawsuit or an inquiry, would be closer to the central idea. The word *assize*, which has just passed before us incidentally, does not present any difficulties of etymology; but the care and discrimination with which the various technical meanings, past and present, are worked out are deserving of no small praise. Before we go further, let us turn back to *arson*, and note with a certain surprise that it is not found as an English word before Hale. Earlier writers on criminal law translate the French *arson* by "burning." Captain Burton has invented the derivative *arsonist* as a synonym for *incendiary*, an example which has been before the public full twenty years without finding any follower. Under *article*, is it exact to speak of "an indictment drawn up in articles"? The term is appropriate to the "libel" of ecclesiastical courts, and to an impeachment in Parliament; we do not think it is known in any form of pure common-law procedure. But we do not venture to affirm that literary warrant may not be forthcoming.

Average is a great and formidable word. The common literary and statistical use appears to be, without dispute, derived from the term of maritime law (= *avarie*) by what must at first have been a somewhat daring metaphor. The earliest example given is from Berkeley's "Querist" (1735), and there do not seem to be any traces of an intermediate stage of apologizing for the metaphor, or the like. As to the maritime sense, the current attempts to refer it to an Eastern origin lead nowhere, since the Arabic or Turkish forms that look helpful at first sight are as likely as not to be themselves importations from the West. Dr. Murray suggests that it is really framed upon *aver*, property (= the law-Latin *averia*, *affrus*, &c., in the special sense of beasts). And this would seem to bring about a junction with the other *average*, the *average* of thirteenth and fourteenth century documents and *avara* of Domesday Book. But that, again, is more plausibly connected by tradition and meaning with the Old French *ovre* or *œvre*, work. In short, the etymology of *average* is a kind of chase at cross-purposes in which we can only catch something quite different from what we expected to find. The results are still far from certainty; but Dr. Murray has considerably narrowed the margin of probable error by concentrating the evidence upon definite points.

Bail is a veritable cluster of words, *πολλῶν ὀνομάτων μορφή* μία. The "bail" which supports the cover of a waggon in England, or by which a kettle or pot is carried in America, is of Norse origin, and simply means a hooped or humped thing. The "bails" of cricket are specialized from a French word of unknown ultimate origin. "Bail," in the nautical sense of a bucket used to get water out of a boat, seems to go back, through French, to the Latin *bacula*. The actions of holding a prisoner to bail and bailing goods to a carrier are described by derivatives, also through French, of the Latin *brjulul* and *brjululare*, indistinguishable in form, but arrived at by somewhat different processes. A note communicated by Mr. F. W. Maitland on the minute variations of modern usage is exact and curious. An attempt was made by Chancellor Kent, criticizing Story, to limit the *bailment* of commercial law, and the corresponding verb, to cases where the goods are ultimately to be re-delivered to the bailor. This is not noticed in the Dictionary; but as Kent's narrowed definition was supported by nothing but an alleged usage of men of business, is contrary to the older authorities, and has not been assented to by either English or American lawyers, we do not think that the omission, whether deliberate or accidental, is a defect. As we turn over the pages between *bail* and *bar*, we cannot help lingering on the fortunes of *bale* (meaning evil, mischief), which, after being treated as obsolete through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, has been freely revived not only in poetry but in imaginative prose. *Bar* has many meanings and shades of meaning; but we shall only call attention to the proof given partly under this word and partly under *Barrister* that the ceremony of "calling to the bar," which everybody nowadays connects with the bar of the courts in which the admitted barrister becomes qualified to practice, was in its origin a merely domestic matter within the Inns of Court. It appears from a report made to Henry VIII. on the state of those societies, which is printed in Waterhouse's *Fortescue Illustratus*, that the students sat in hall on "forms which are called the Barr" in order of their seniority. Gradually the quasi-collegiate term "barrister" elbowed out the older and strictly more proper forensic term "apprentice." In the courts there were sergeants and apprentices, in the Inns benchers or readers and barristers. "Apprentice" does not seem to have been in use after the Restoration. It is curious that nothing throwing any light on this peculiar nomenclature of the Inns of Court has been met with in the colleges of our Universities or now survives at the Inns of Court themselves. *Bastard* (as verb = the more frequent *bastardize*) is marked as obsolete; but it occurs in Kent's Commentaries, *in notis*; he wrote about sixty years ago, but the work has been many times reprinted, and the current edition is quite recent. We feel bound to add that our own knowledge on this point is accidental and very recent indeed.

In bringing our purposely limited remarks to an end we will add that, if every critical reader would during the progress of the

Dictionary fix his vigilance on some class of words with which he is specially familiar, much real service might still be rendered, and with a barely sensible amount of trouble, to the completeness of this national undertaking.

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.*

TO the excellent enterprise of Mr. Elliot Stock we owe this facsimile reproduction of the first edition of *The Vicar of Wakefield*, to which are prefixed an introduction and bibliography by Mr. Austin Dobson. No more perfect example of the art of reprinting could be desired by the fastidious book-lover than these two volumes. The neat white-backed boards, the beauty and style of the type, the tone and substance of the paper, are things delightful to contemplate, even apart from the undying interest that belongs to the first edition of the most famous English book of the eighteenth century. It almost seems as if it were due to no accident or custom of the age, but to a happy instinct of propriety, that Goldsmith's inimitable work should be clothed in this sober garb. The very title-page is a corrective of the meaner passions that hanker after *éditions de luxe*. The distinction and beauty of the typography must strike every one who handles modern books in the ordinary way of fiction or poetry, yet we seek vainly for the printer's name. Nothing of the kind appears beyond the imprint at the foot of the old title:—"Salisbury: Printed by B. Collins; for F. Newbery, in Pater-Noster-Row, London. MDCCLXVI." The contrast between this noble type, so elegant and shapely, and the meagre, finical, and fatiguing print of many modern books is provoked by the mere trial of the eyes, and is quite independent of sentiment. It is a question of good and bad work, of frank legibility and monotonous haze, of a message conveyed with point and one marred by the delivery. In all respects the facsimile is a worthy memorial edition, and corresponds with the publisher's beautiful reprint of Johnson's *Rasselas*.

Everybody knows Boswell's carefully worded account of the romantic circumstances in which Johnson relieved Goldsmith's distress by selling the manuscript of his novel to some unnamed bookseller for sixty pounds. Boswell's story is professedly Johnson's "own exact version," and corrects what he calls the "strangely misstated" facts of Mrs. Thrale and Sir John Hawkins. With these varying accounts Mr. Austin Dobson collates that of Richard Cumberland, and observes, in conclusion, "Boswell's story alone wears an air of veracity, and it has generally been regarded as the accepted version." The novel was published March 27, 1766, and was advertised in the *Public Advertiser* of the same date, together with *The Traveller*, which was published in 1764. Through the indefatigable research of Mr. Dobson, a matter of great interest that has hitherto remained obscure is now clear. Possibly through mere carelessness, though probably because she recollected the date of the publication of *The Vicar of Wakefield*, Mrs. Thrale thought that the eventful dinner with Johnson, interrupted by Goldsmith's urgent message, could not have occurred later than 1765 or 1766. Johnson, however, told Boswell that the novel "was written and sold to his bookseller before his *Traveller*, but published after." Although Boswell unfortunately gives no date of the famous interview, it is clear that Mrs. Thrale's memory served her badly. There is now no need to attempt to reconcile Mrs. Thrale's date and Boswell's account of Johnson's version of the incident. Mr. Dobson has discovered that, as far back as October 28, 1762, Collins, the Salisbury printer, had purchased of "Dr. Goldsmith, the Author," for 21*l.*, a third share in *The Vicar of Wakefield*. This interesting fact is disclosed by an old account-book, once belonging to Collins, and now in the possession of Mr. Charles Welsh, a member of the firm of publishers successors to John Newbery. Several curious items connected with the sale of the novel are communicated by Mr. Welsh. It appears from the memoranda of Collins that the fourth edition started with a loss, and Collins sold his third share for five guineas. "This unhelpful view," says Mr. Dobson, "is borne out by the circumstances attending the production of the fifth edition, which is generally supposed to have been issued in 1773, the date upon the title-page. As a matter of fact, its issue was deferred until April 1774, the month in which Goldsmith died; and notwithstanding the statements of Forster and others, the sixth edition was not published until March 1779." The impression has been general that this immortal work enjoyed a brisk sale, at least in the early editions, and that the original purchaser delayed its publication for some fifteen months. The strange truth is now revealed that for more than three years did its three owners agree to keep it from the light, and that one of them was so hopeless of its permanent value that he sold his share for a paltry sum four years after its publication. Mr. Dobson's bibliography—"tentative rather than exhaustive" though it be—will prove a valuable aid to students.

* *The Vicar of Wakefield*. By Oliver Goldsmith. Being a Facsimile Reproduction of the First Edition, published in 1766. With an Introduction by Austin Dobson, and a Bibliographical List of Editions of "The Vicar of Wakefield" published in England and abroad. London: Elliot Stock.

A THEATRICAL REVIEW.*

M. EDMOND STOULLIG, founder and editor of that excellent series, *Les Annales du Théâtre et de la Musique*, has just established a theatrical magazine, the *Revue d'Art Dramatique*, which, as it seems to us, is deserving, not only of success in France, but of imitation in England. As represented by its first number, the magazine is a good one. The ball is opened by M. Francisque Sarcey with a curious and entertaining study of the abstract actor—the sort of paper that, in the days of Louis Philippe, was called a “*Physiologie*”—in which, as was to be expected, he takes sides with Diderot and art against some other critics and mere nature. Next comes M. F. Lefranc with a capital article on “*La Poésie au Théâtre*,” which makes much of Racine and comparatively little of Hugo; derides the Parnassians; extols the prose of some modern writers (M. Sardou is not of the number); points out that, in spite of the success of *Severo Torelli* and *Les Jacobites*, there is little hope of a renaissance of the poetical drama; and encourages the poets to try their fortune all the same, for the reason that good verse is more honourable to the maker than bad prose, and that it is better to be the author of *Cynthia* or the *Comte d'Arville* than of *Georgette* or *Mon Oncle*. In a study of Wagner as a dramatist, MM. Soubies and Malherbe (to deal with that great man is obviously beyond the powers of a single critic) avow their admiration with a good deal of courage, yet not altogether without discretion. Wagner, as we know, was given to the use of arguments which were potent only to himself, and to the construction of great edifices of proof upon a basis of reasoning which, on examination, turns out to be composed of nothing more substantial than mere sentimental metaphysics. Our authors have caught him in one of these moments; and their attack upon his preference of legend over history as the material of the new art which, as he gave us long ago to understand, he had discovered and invented, is not wanting in ingenuity. It is a pity, however, that they should go on to advance the theory, not only that Wagner's books are an immense improvement on the books of Scribe, but also that ever since the appearance of *Der Fliegende Holländer*, and owing in great measure to the influence of the poet thereof, the Frenchmen who write *libretti* have changed their ideals, and included in their scheme of opera a world of new elements and new tendencies. This is only true of a very small number of poets, who, moreover, might refer their practice, were they called upon to do so, not to *Der Fliegende Holländer* and *Lohengrin*, but to *Orphée*, and *Don Giovanni*, and *Der Freischütz*. An interesting little note on the two Rotours—the poet of *Venceslas* and his brother Pierre—concludes the purely literary part of the magazine, the rest of which is occupied by a monthly review of plays, by M. Emile Morlot, and operas, by M. Albert Soubies aforesaid. M. Morlot is anxious to have the judicial mind; he regards his subjects—such subjects as they are! *Georgette*, *Sapho*, *Le Baron de Carabasse*!—with prodigious gravity; on the minds of his readers he produces a certain effect of tedium; and with him our fault-finding both begins and ends.

PALERMO.†

THE illusion, of which Miss Field's book is, so to speak, an embodiment, is a very common one; and, though stimulative of irritation in a reader, it is also so very human a one that all but the sternest critics are disposed to deal indulgently with its results. She has simply undergone an experience thoroughly familiar to people who combine an intelligent interest in modern politics with a reverence for antiquity, and a sensibility to the natural and architectural picturesque. She is a great admirer of Sicily, as every one must be who has eyes and imagination; and she is a worshipper of Garibaldi, as all enthusiastic people have a tendency to be. How nice, then, would it be, she probably thought, to write a book in which one might do justice alike to the charm of Sicilian scenery and the romance of Italian politics! The idea is a seductive one, and has indeed seduced many. “Word-painting” upon the canvas of a story seems a delightful occupation to those who are better hands at description than at plot and dialogue; as, conversely, seems to an expert story-teller the work of embroidering a narrative on a background of descriptive eloquence. Unfortunately, however, it is too often a reader's lot to assist at the performance of both experiments by a writer who has no qualifications for success in either. We will not go so far as to say this of Miss Field; but she has certainly no special aptitude for her twofold task. Her descriptions of Sicilian scenery do not rise, except in here and there a felicitous phrase, above the conventional level; while the characters who flit intermittently across the scene of her loosely-constructed drama are very shadowy beings. The least unsatisfactory among them is a blind American musician who has resigned a fortune in his own country by reason of conscientious scruples, and is living in poverty in the Sicilian capital with the beautiful, devoted, inevitable daughter, the child of that still more beautiful Italian wife, who, in obedience to an imperative law of dramatic propriety, has died before the com-

mencement of the story. All the older and graver personages in the book have a tendency to cap Psalms against each other with all the liberality, and sometimes much of the discrimination, displayed in Sancho Panza's drafts upon the inexhaustible treasury of Spanish proverbs; but it is in the character of the blind De Lancey that Miss Field's peculiar vein of religiosity is most strikingly illustrated. Besides the musician and his daughter Ninfa, there is an American missionary, half-brother to De Lancey, a patriotic Sicilian priest, a ditto ditto layman, an English family, consisting of a Lady Emilia Hamilton, her son Sydney, an artistic attaché, whose development into a full-blown Bunthorne is arrested by the sobering influence of the Sicilian Revolution of 1860, and her cousin Edith Norton, the indispensable blonde foil to Ninfa's brunette. These *dramatis personæ* are pushed on and pulled off in their tin slides by Miss Field, after the manner of the cardboard heroes and heroines of our youth, with a most praiseworthy simulation of life. Of course their evolutions end in the death of the blind musician and the marriage of the æsthetic attaché to Ninfa.

It would be rash, perhaps, to say that Miss Field would have succeeded as a descriptive writer if she had not set herself the additional task of story-making, an art for which she appears to have little talent; but she would certainly, we think, have come nearer to success. Some of the incidents of the revolutionary struggle are given with spirit, and the other parts of her narrative are marked occasionally by a simplicity and directness which at least ally them with good art. That feeling for the appropriate, however, which holds in the last resort of the sense of humour is somewhat defective in Miss Field. She does not apparently apprehend the truth that a descriptive adjective, which may be quite justly applicable to its accompanying substantive under ordinary circumstances, cannot in certain exceptional situations be applied to it without producing a more or less ludicrous effect of incongruity. Thus she writes:—“A bomb drops within the quaint piazza where Garibaldi rests.” Now the piazza to which we imagine her to refer is undoubtedly quaint; but this is not exactly the moment to insist on its quaintness. The *locus classicus* in such derangements of epitaphs is to be found in that great scene of the execution in the *Bab Ballads*, where the criminal is made to “lay his wicked head upon the handy little block.” It is a merit in a block to be handy, and the executioner, Gilbert East, would have used no block which did not answer to such a description; but the unexpected summons to observe and admire its mechanical adaptation to its purpose does undoubtedly strike the reader with a certain sense of incongruity. So, again, in the thrilling—or what Miss Field intends to be the thrilling—account of the escape of the prisoners from the monastery of the Gancia. “Concealed by the multitude,” she writes, “Angelo is kneeling by the crypt, enlarging a hole in the wall with a blacksmith's tool. He receives a coat from within, and Hamilton's fine head appears in the aperture.” Now, unless the word “fine” is here used in the sense in which we apply that word to the sharp point of a pencil—a sense, of course, in which the quality would be far more valuable under such circumstances to the owner of the head than the most classic beauty of outline—this is hardly the place to call our attention to it. Would Miss Field describe a man as “blowing his Grecian nose,” or “raising a pint of beer to his finely chiselled lips”? The effort to be pictorial at all costs, and at every moment, must inevitably betray a writer in too many instances over the bounds of the ridiculous; and *Palermo* would have profited in a good many places by a liberal excision of adjectives. But its most serious defect is that to which we have already referred—its unskillfully composite character, whereby it fails alike as a story and as a succession of pictures. It is exquisitely got up, and possesses every attraction that a volume can desire from shape, print, paper, and illustrations; but without that saving quality which it lacks, the fairest rivulet of type which ever meandered through a meadow of margin must seem to the reader to run but an aimless and unsatisfying course.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. PAUL BOURGET'S adoption of the (as it seems to us) very unprofitable form of literary criticism which he calls psychology (1) is no doubt by this time deliberate and irrevocable, and there is no use in expostulating with him about it. We need only repeat the expression of our opinion that he is devoting a very considerable talent for literary criticism proper to the service of an idle and unprofitable cross between criticism and moralizing. His present essays deal with personages of less genius and less interest than the group of writers who supplied him with the matter of his first volume, but perhaps for this reason they lend themselves even better to psychological treatment. Certain it is that M. Bourget is here more psychological than ever. In his first series he contented himself for the most part with pointing out what he thought the points in the souls of Flaubert, M. Taine, M. Renan, Baudelaire, and Stendhal without generalizing too ambitiously from them. M. Dumas fils, M. Leconte de Lisle, the brothers Goncourt, Tourguéniev, and Amiel, who form his second group, are treated more cavalierly, and are little more than experiments to prove a general thesis that

* *Revue d'Art Dramatique*. Paris: A. Dupret. 1886.

† *Palermo: a Christmas Story*. By Alice Durand Field, Author of “Christmas at Greycastle.” New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

(1) *Nouveaux essais de psychologie contemporaine*. Par Paul Bourget. Paris: Lemerre.

we are all very miserable, that we cannot love (M. Bourget should really speak for himself), or believe, or frankly admire—or, in short, do anything with our might, and that the different literary fashions of the day are only different ways of echoing the famous chorus "Let us all be unhappy together," or, as a still older French version has it, "Ennuions-nous ensemble." M. Damas (the son) shows the influence of this, according to M. Bourget, by vigorous, but not exactly successful, moralizing; the others practically succumb and moan and groan like Amiel, or talk pessimism in prose like Tourguéniev, or sing it in verse like M. Leconte de Lisle, or bury themselves in their books and their own style like the MM. de Goncourt. And let us note a somewhat clever evasion of M. Bourget's on that odd subject of the MM. de Goncourt's style, on which the usual young French man of letters goes (as it seems to us and to M. Halévy and to a few other people not entirely destitute of intelligence) quite inexplicably mad. M. Bourget is highly complimentary to these *magots* of literature; but he is ingeniously vague in his complimentariness. In a curious account of his own successive attitudes towards them he leaves a good deal to be read between the lines, though he admits himself to be a "partisan" of the brothers. "Au sortir du collège," he says, "et tout voisin des solides pages de Salluste et du mâle Tite Live il [the style] m'a paru intolérable." Later the said style "seduced him to such a point that he found everything else insufficient." "Aujourd'hui," it seems, he has got into a third state, which he describes elaborately and apologetically, but which is not quite inconsistent with the axiom of an English writer that a third thought is an improved and corrected first. "Les frères de Goncourt," he writes, "ont eu raison de l'employer parce que c'était pour eux l'instrument de notation nécessaire." Perhaps; but this is evidently a long way from positive approval. On the whole, the best and most valuable essay in the volume seems to us to be that on M. Leconte de Lisle (not by any means "the Count de Lisle," as an English newspaper correspondent designated him not long ago). The intolerable pedantry of his translation of ancient names, and the heavy scholarship of his translations, have obscured in too many English estimates the real and abundant fund of poetry in the author of *Requies* and *Les Rancunes*.

There are only two devotees of the poetical drama in France at the present day who deserve serious consideration, and those two are M. Henri de Bornier and M. François Coppée. The former is good, but not popular; the latter we should be sorry to characterize merely from a reading of *Les Jacobites* (2), which was produced on the historical Odéon stage two months ago. We hope that we are sufficiently cosmopolitan in the good sense to avoid attaching too much weight to the gross and glaring deficiencies of M. Coppée's local colour and local treatment generally, in this dramatization of the events of the Forty-five. The introduction of a personage called "Gordon de Glencoe" is the least of these, though the significance of it may be brought home to a French reader by asking what he would think of an Englishman who spoke of "Rohan de Provence." Every speech and scene is saturated with this kind of blunder; but it need not of itself have been fatal. Even the degradation of the actual story into a commonplace intrigue, in which Prince Charles plays to a certain Lady Fingall the part which his father tried (but in how different a fashion!) to play to Beatrix Esmond, might pass. But the versification, the characters, and the whole play are hopelessly inferior. There is a famous story of the treacherous compliment paid to the young Hugo when some one said to him "Vous êtes le Corneille de l'époque," and then continued, with a slight break, "dont le Racine est Casimir Delavigne." We really think that if we looked at *Les Jacobites* only we should not be doing wrong in saying to M. Coppée, "Vous êtes le Delavigne de l'époque dont le Balzac est M. Zola." And, though we have never held the high opinion sometimes expressed of the author even of *La grève des forgerons* and *Le luthier de Crémone*, we are certainly surprised that the author of *Contes en prose* could ever have descended to *Les Jacobites*.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

WHENEVER the biographer, unconsciously or from lack of material, drops a thread here or there in his fabric, there are always persevering inquirers who labour to repair the omission, and thus it is with Mr. Alexander Ellis, who amplifies the scanty reference to Thomas Hood's Scottish relations in the "Memorials" with a volume of gossip entitled *Hood in Scotland* (Dundee: Mathew & Co.). The practice of collecting the very smallest scraps of information affecting the lives of famous men is not generally to be commended. Admirers of Hood may be grateful for the diligence of Mr. Ellis, though they have some cause to complain of the burden of his literary method, which is by no means perspicuous even when intelligible. The book contains not a little that is interesting buried in a mass of irrelevance and repetition. Divested of all padding, the gleanings comprise some early letters, a juvenile poem, contributions to the *Dundee Advertiser* and the *Dundee Magazine*, and an excerpt of the "Dundee Guide"—an imitation of Anstey's *New Bath Guide*, which appears to be irrevocably lost and which no one is likely to deplore. The valuable portion of Mr. Ellis's volume is that which deals with the poet's first visit to Dundee and Errol in 1815.

Mr. Ellis is probably correct in ascribing to Hood the verses in the *Dundee Magazine* entitled "Sabbath Morning"; their antithetical quality is characteristic, though not brilliant. The ascription of the letter in the *Advertiser* is less certain. More curious than these juvenile effusions, and undoubtedly genuine, is "The Bandit," a poem that suggests a thorough acquaintance with the "Gothic" romances of the period, and is altogether remote in style and sentiment from anything in Hood's poetry. The scene in the First Canto, where the moody hero sits apart from his carousing followers, is a picturesque and Byronic conception.

The Memoirs of the Empress Marie Louise (Remington & Co.) is an English version of a series of historical studies of the life and times of Napoleon's second consort, written by M. Imbert de Saint-Armand. The title is unfortunate rather than misleading, for the memoirs of Marie Louise, had they existed, could scarcely have lain hidden from the world till now. The present translation is a good rendering of a work that possesses many of the attractive qualities common to French literature of its class.

Mrs. Thorpe's translation of M. de Laveleye's *Letters from Italy* (T. Fisher Unwin) appears under the author's revision, and is an admirable version of an interesting and suggestive book. Through all the agreeable discursiveness of the letters runs a characteristic vein of dissatisfaction, vented in eloquent protests against the fruits of industrial competition and against the desecration of old romantic cities by the manufacturer. Como is but another Birmingham; Rome is fast becoming vulgarized by modern roads and houses; and the odious smoke from the locomotive-factory on the island of St. Helena opposite the Lido is rapidly blackening the marbles of St. Mark's and the palace of the Doges. In all these outbursts against the vandalism of modern Italy M. de Laveleye is possessed with the fervour of Mr. Ruskin. The condition of the agricultural labourer is a prominent topic in these letters, and among other interesting details are not a few criticisms of painting and architecture, a visit to Crespano and the Canova museum, and an account of conversations with Signor Minghetti and other statesmen and economists.

Mr. Walter Crane's designs for his poem *The Sirens Three* (Macmillan & Co.) gain greatly by their more worthy presentment in quarto form, while it is but bare justice to the poem, as well as to the reader, that the text should be printed apart from the illustrations.

The art of writing stories for very young children is intimately connected with the skill required to tell a story effectively. The easy, colloquial style that attracts children distinguishes Ismay Thorn's *Spin and Podgie* (Hatchards & Co.). The birthday adventures of two small children are charmingly told, and as for the children themselves, they are, in their ways and speech, delightfully natural. The pictures by T. Pym are scarcely up to the artist's average.

Eleanor's Ambition, *The Archer's Chance Shot*, and *Waiting* (Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School Union) are three stories by Mr. Sarson C. J. Ingram, of which the first enforces with some skill a moral for the times. *Poppa's Peep into Fairyland* (Bevington & Co.) is a pretty story, though obviously inspired by Mr. Lewis Carroll's example.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor's *Gladstone's House of Commons* (Ward & Downey) comprises some lifelike scenes in the House during the more prominent debates of last Session, together with much lively comment—a trifle malicious occasionally—on individual members. Mr. Forster, for instance, is caricatured almost beyond recognition. For the rest, the book has many amusing pages.

Mr. Axel H. Haig is the author of a *brochure*, intended to elucidate his series of seven etchings of the interior of Westminster Abbey, entitled *Impressions of Westminster Abbey* (Robert Dunthorne). The artist's observations refer strictly to the subjects of the etchings, sketches of which accompany the text, while every page is encompassed by elaborate decorative borders designed by the artist.

We have received Dr. Clement Duke's essay, *The Preservation of Health* (Rivingtons), which gained the Howard medal of the Statistical Society in 1884; *The Premises of Social Economy*, by Simon N. Patten (Philadelphia: Lippincott); Mr. J. Laurence Laughlin's *History of Bi-Metallism in the United States* (New York: Appleton); *December*, an anthology of winter verses, edited by Mr. Oscar Adams (Boston: Lothrop); *A Primer of Orthographic Projection*, by Major Plunkett, R.E. (Sampson Low & Co.); *A System of Hygienic Medicine*, by T. R. Allinson (Pitman); the "complete edition" of *Poems* by Thomas Ashe (Bell & Sons); Mr. Sala's *Adventures of Captain Dangerous* (J. & R. Maxwell); *George Eliot*, a short study of the novelist, by Margaret Lonsdale (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.); the second edition of Mr. Kenward's *Harborne and its Surroundings* (Birmingham: Cornish); *Great Scotsmen* (Bell & Co.), one of "Bell's Reading Books" for the young; Mr. Charles White's *Chess Problems* (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.); *Notes on Norway*, by W. B. McTaggart (Stewart & Co.); two specimens of the "Deeds of Daring Library," entitled *Undecorated Heroes and Our Warrior Princes* (Dean & Son), full of stirring incident such as boys love, and with amazing illustrations; *Seymour's Inheritance* (Bristol: Arrowsmith), "a short story in blank verse," by James Ross, a gruesome tragedy, and the forerunner of a threatened "series of novels in blank verse."

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